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A COLORED BYRNES.

Who Has Served His Country and City Faithfully--Isaac Myers--Baltimores Foremost Business Man, Merchant and Politician--An Interesting Sketch of an Interesting Life.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Mr. Isaac Myers, of Baltimore, Md., The founder and President of the Aged Ministers Home of the A. M. E. Church, is in every sense of the word a self-made man. Born of poor parents, in a slave State that afforded no school priviliges for colored youths, his success in life, is a noble example of what push and pluck can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances. He received a common school education in the private day school of Rev. John Fortie, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to James Jackson, a prominent colored man in his day, to learn the trade of ship caulking; how thoroughly he mastered the business be inferred from the fact that, at the of twenty, he was superintending the caulking of some of the largest clipper ships that was then being built in that once famous ship-building city.

In the year 1860, he entered the wholesale grocery of Woods, Bridges & Co., which became, during the war, the largest establishment of its kind south of Mason and Dixon's line. He acted here in the double capacity of chief porter and shipping clerk, and acquired a knowledge of the grocery business in all its branches, that subsequently served a good purpose.

Leaving the above establishment in 1864 he organized and successfully conducted a company grocery store, which if left to the control of his judgment would have been to-day one of the great institutions of Baltimore.

In 1865 he resigned the management of the above institution, and returned to the ship-yard. In this year the great stike against colored machanics and long-shoremen was inaugurated under the leadership of the notorious "Joe" Edwards. The city was under the control of "Know Nothing" influence, and in sympathy with the strikers, and notwithstanding the bold fight made under the leadership of Mr. Myers, Wm. F. Taylor and Charles O. Fisher, every colored machanic in the ship yards and longshoreman, over 1,000 were driven from their employment. It was at this juncture that the executive and great organizing abilities of Mr. Myers were first demonstrated. In December of this year he conceived the idea of the colored people buying a ship yard and marine railway. The proposition was submitted to a number of merchants who promised their work. He called meetings in all the colored churches of Baltimore; organized a company, and within four months raised $10,000 cash in shares of five dollars each, exclusively from colored people; purchased of James N. Muller his yard and railway, for $40,000, and 300 colored caulkers and carpenters found immediate employment. For a while they enjoyed almost a monopoly of the business of the city, also giving employment to a large number of white mechanics. He secured a government contract of $50,000, against the combined competition of ship builders of Wilmington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Alexandria. The moral influence of this organization restored the longshoremen, but the stevedores, taking the advantage of the situation and condition of the men, cut their pay. He organized the workmen, prepared a protest and submitted it to the merchants, who ordered the pay restored to $2.50 per day, upon the penalty of giving their work to Philadelphia stevedores. The entire debt of the ship-yard company was paid off in five years, from the profits of the business, after whieh he left it to enter the political arena. The same year he was appointed a messenger to the Hon. John L. Thomas, collector of customs of Baltimore, being the second colored man appointed to a position under the Federal Government, in Maryland.

In January 1870 at the suggestion of George T. Downing, of Rhode Island. Fred G. Barbadoes and the late Rev. J. Sellar Martian, a conference of the leading Republican of the country, white and colored, was held at the residence of U. S. Senator Pomeroy in Washington, D. C., and it was desided to petition Hon. John A. J. Cresswell, Postmaster General, to appoint Mr. Myers a special agent of the Postoffice Department. The application received the endorsement of the Committees on Postoffice and Postroad of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, the only endorsement of the kind on record, and on March 7, 1870 Mr. Mr. Myers received his commission, and was assigned to the supervision of the mail service in the Southern States with headquarters at Washington, D. C. About this time the Labor Question, under the leadership of the great champion of labor, Travellick, was seriously agitating the mind of the country, it being their purpose to put in nomination a national ticket, and as a condition precedent, to divide the colored vote in the Southern States by the organization of labor clubs. Mr. Myers grasping the situation, aud to offset Travellick scheme, issued a call for a National Labor Convention of Colored Men, which met in the City of Washington, January 10, 1871. It is a historical fact, that this was the largest and best representative convention of colored men ever held in tho United States. The convention remained in session five days, and formed a national plan for the educational and industrial organization of colored people, and elected Mr. Myers, president. Within six months a State organization was formed in nearly all of the Southern States, as well as in some of the Eastern and Western States. In August of the same year, Mr. Myers appointed Mr. Isaiah C. Wears, of Philadelphia, and Peter H. Clark, of Ohio, as delegates representing the Colored National Union, and the three met the great National Labor Congress at Cincinnati, August 14th, the largest gathering of white labor men ever assembled in this country, their purpose being the organization of the Labor Reform party. The position taken by Myers, Wears and Clark, was against the amalgamation of politics with labor. After a careful summing up of the plans and purposes of the congress, on the fifth day Myers made a very characteristic speech in defence of General Grant's administration, and in support of the Republican party as the friend of labor, the only speech of the kind made in the convention; it produced considerable excitement and threw the convention into a tumult. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was protected from personal assault on the floor of the convention. He was forced back over the railing, into the space occupied by newspaper correspondent, by the pressure of the excited delegates. The speech was published in most of the leading newspapers of the country, August 18, 1871. In the State campaign of North Carolina, 1872, he rendered invaluable service, and the success of the National ticket, owes more to any of the political managers of that campaign, of which evidence in his possession will show. In the following year the Hon. Fred Douglass was elected president, since which time the National Labor Union has ceased to exist.

Myers made many hair breath escapes in his extensive travels in the Southern States during the Ku Klux period. He has been an eye witness to many of the horrible deeds of that organization, and yet he is one of the very conservative men of the race on the Southern Question. He says our politics in the South has had too much pulpit in it. He says the pulpit in politics in the South has been the curse of the Negro, and most of our present trouble are traceable to that source.

As a special agent of the postoffice department and detective, Mr. Myers had no superior in the service. His arrests and convictions are among the most notable in the history of the service. P. H. Woodward, chief special agent, in his book entitled "Guarding the Mails," gives much space to the case of the celebrated English swindler, William Parker, M. D. This case was brought to the attention of the department by Moncure D Conway, and given to Mr. Myers to "work up," many English noblemen and ministers being swindled through the use of the United States mails. After a six months' search, he was arrested by Mt. Myers at Connellsville, Pa., tried, convicted and sent to the Pennsylvania penitentiary for five years. The celebrated Dead Letter Office case, of which so much was written about at the time, was managed principally by him. One of the most expert letter thieves in the Baltimore post office, named Claypole, who had baffled the cunning of the force for years, was detected by him and sent to the Maryland penitentiary for five years.

The Baltimorean of September 5, 1874, says: Within the recollection of the oldest citizens, no robbery or series of robberies have occurred in the Baltimore post office, which have been so long continued, and where, when discovery has been made, could all be traced to one individual.

Whilst en route to Williamsport, Pa., with a prisoner in the month of July, 1878, the prisoner jumped through the window while the car was in motion. In recapturing him Mr. Myers was accidentally shot in the right leg.

In 1879 he retired from the service and opened a coal yard in Baltimore. He was in 1882 editor and proprietor of the Colored Citizen, a weekly campaign newspaper, published in Baltimore. In the same year he was appointed a United States gauger, and became one of the most proficient and popular men on the force. He resigned the position of United States gauger February 2, 1887, the day the Democratic collector took charge of the office, and was the only man in the State who made a voluntary resignation. In the Presidential campaign of '88 he was Secretary of the Republican Campaign Committee, of Maryland; also rendered valuable service on the stump. In '88 he organized the Maryland Colored State Industrial Fair Association. Their first fair, held in that year, eclipsed any similar one ever held by colored associations in the United States. He organized and is President of the Colored Business Mens' Association, of Baltimore; he also organized the first Building and Loan Association of that city. He has been fifteen years superintendent of Bethel A. M. E. School, of Baltimore. It is generally regarded as the leading Sabbath School of that denomination, and is pronounced by Secretary Smith "the banner S. S. of the world." He is also a trustee of said church, and Secretary of the Board. He is a past grand master of Masons of Maryland, and author of a Masons' Digest, favorably commented on by Masonic writers. Is also a prominent Odd Fellow and Good Samaritan.

He is the author of a drama in three acts, entitled "The Missionary."

Postmaster Frank Brown, of Baltimore, President of the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association, appointed Mr. Myers manager of the department of colored exhibits, in the recent great State Agricultural and Mechanical Exposition at Baltimore. Mr. Brown compliments Mr. Myers and Mr. Malachi Gibson, who were associated with him, as having clearly demonstrated, by the character of the exhibits displayed, that all the colored man wants is a fair chance, and he can make himself as self-sustaining as other races.

Mr. Myers' last experience of national importance is a plan to organize a home for the aged ministers of the A. M. E. Church. The Board of Directors met in the city of Philadelphia, August 1st, and elected Isaac Myers, president; Jas. A. Handy, D. D., L. J. Coppin, D. D., vice presidents; J. W. Beckett, D. D., secretary, and Augustine Dunn, treasurer. The home is to be located in Pennsylvania, and $50,000 is to be raised. He is spoken of as a gentleman of the highest integrity. He has been married a second time; his wife, Sarah E., is the daughter of the late Charles Deaver, a well-known butcher. She is a very estimable and hospitable lady. They live in comfortable circumstances.

ISAAC MYERS, ESQ.
Ex-Postoffice Inspector and Business Man of Baltimore, Md.

A MODERN BUNYAN.

Rev. A. A. Hamilton, of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Rev. A. A. Hamilton, who is here represented, was born a slave, near Selma, County of Dallas, State of Alabama, March 25, 1854, and is, consequently, thirty-five years old—a young man; was born of Alexander and Harriet Hamilton, and lived on the farm till the close of the war, after which they moved to the city of Selma, where he was sent to school at the Burrell Institute, which was under the auspices of the well-trained gentlemen in the persons of Professors Stickens and Cisbeg. After having gone through the course laid down at Burrell he was sent to Alcorn A. and M. College, Rodney, Miss., (then Alcorn University), which then was under the leadership of the Hon. H. R. Revels. D. D., where he spent four sessions. A short while afterwards, feeling that he had been called to Christ, and thinking he was destined to be a minister, he launched himself upon the gospel sea where the billows of sin had raged and had almost washed the covering from the local Christian pillars, and who since has been carrying the torch of religion to light the way of the world.

When he had been in the ministry eleven years he was elected by the Baptists of Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas to edit the "Baptist Signal," which journal he handled with much satisfaction to the public and credit to himself, and in the month of July, 1887, was elected President of the Sunday School Convention of the above named States, all of which he is now, and pastor of the Mount Heroden Baptist Church, in the city of Vicksburg, Miss., where he demands respect and favor from all who are so fortunate as to know the reverend gentleman, who is pious, generous and earnest. May he live long and do well.

C. HENRI WOODS.

Made Him Down-Hearted.

"It always sort o' makes me feel sad and down-hearted to read about the prodigal son in the Bible," said Farmer Slikens to his male offspring who was home on his summer vacation.

"Y-a-a-s."

"Yaws," echoed the old man, as his lips curled contemptuously, "he came back and says honorably and flat-footed, 'I've done wrong an' I want another chance.'"

"Y-a-a-s."

"Yaws; he didn't come back to the farm pizenin' the very butterflies with the smoke from his siggereets an' say: "Pops, ole boy, I'm dead broke; couldn't you let me have a twenty to keep up my ends with the fels at the club.' Not much he didn't."

And the old man heaved a sigh and went out to feed the hogs.—Merchant Traveler.

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A HORSETHIEF CLUB.

A Clergyman Tells the Story of His Connection with It.

A reporter for the San Francisco Examiner had an interview with Rev. Lawrence Grassman, who had just returned from Japan. The reverend gentleman gave the reporter an account of his connection with a horsethief club in Nebraska. "Yes, indeed; I used to be one of the members of such a club. I belonged to one for two years. I always did like a good horse, and when I first located in Omaha, I purchased a rather good animal. I had just got fairly settled down when one day a man by the name of Strong called and asked me if I didn't want to join the Horse Thief Club. When I asked him the purpose of the organization he said it was a club to protect horse owners from the depredation of horse thieves. Yet the club went by its peculiar name, which expressed just the opposite idea it was intended to. He said as I had a horse I had better get in and join, and if my horse was stolen the club would send men after the thieves and recover the property. All this would cost me $1 a month."

"I asked him if the taxes I paid to the authorities would not give me the same right. 'Hardly,' he said. His idea of the local authorities was very low. He said he never yet heard of a sheriff in Nebraska catching a horse thief, and that he believed that half the officers of the law in Nebraska were in with the thieves. Hence the necessity of a ocal club to protect horse owners. Well, continued the Rev. Grassman. I concluded that my horse was worth protecting; I was duly initiated one night, the club meeting in an old barn. At first I thought I had fallen in with a pretty hard crowd, but when they began to talk I concluded that I had met a set of men who had considerable good horse sense. They were rough men and wore old clothes, but they were good types of the honest, hardy frontiersman. They treated me with a rough, sincere courtesy, and during the meeting a motion was made to excuse me from active service on the 'Overtaking Committee.'

"To make a long story short, one night my beautiful bay horse was stolen and a special session of the club was called. I was considerably excited, of course, and was early at the meeting. The club had a short session and appointed William Strong and two other men as on 'Overtaking Committee' trail the thieves. They mounted their fast horses in about five minutes and, with revolvers strapped on, set off in the dead of night on a smart gallop. In about ten days they returned and brought my horse back. That night the committee made their report. As near as I can remember it was as follows:

"'We, the committee, report that we 'overtook' the man who stole the horse. WILLIAM STRONG, Chairman.'

"Then they adjourned, and next day I had a talk with Strong. The conversation was about like this:

"'Where did you find my horse?'

"'Down in Kansas; just across the line.'

"'Did you find the thief?'

"'We overtook him.'

"'Why didn't you bring him back?'

"'I said he was overtook.'

"'What do you mean by overtook?'

"'Overtook with tribulation. I guess he had hard luck.'

"'Did you talk with him about the sin of stealing?'

"'Talked some.'

"'What did he talk?'

"'He talked back.'

"'What did he say?'

"'Nothin'; he just sassed the committee.'

"'Did he talk long?'

"'He quit sooner than we did.'

"'Did you ask him to come back?'

"'Naw."

"'You should have brought him back and had him punished. Had you no idea of arresting him?'

"'We hadn't no requisition.'

"'So you allowed him to go away after this crime?"

"'Not by a jugful. No man goes away after he's caught hoss stealin."

"Why not?'

"'Cos he's dead,' parson—deader'n nits.'

"'Do you mean to say you killed him?'

"'We plugged him six times, parson, and he curled up alongside the road and died right there. I hated to tell yer this 'cos you're a preacher. I kept a fightin' yer off, but yer kept comin' at me, and so now yer know that the $10 yer put up helped pay the expenses of the overtakers; but yer can bet high that there is no expense to the undertakers. We all agreed to keep the killin' back from yer, but yer pumped me and yer got the inside of the deal, didn't yer?"

"Why, my dear sir, did you shed this man's blood?'

"'Coss he stole yer hoss. We run onto him early one morning, just beyond the Kansas line. When we rode up he was just gettin' through breakfast. He didn't like the look of us, I guess, for he up and snaps a gun at us twiste as I rode up. Guess the rainy night had dampened the caps, for she didn't go, but when I slung my Colt to the fore and plugged him a couple er times she went, she did. Jack and Andy plugged him some, too. We just left him layin' there in the road, and recoverin' yer hoss, come, home. His relatives are the proper pussons to bury him, but folks that an't no kin to a hoss thief oughten to monkey with his remains.'"

The reverend story teller gave the recital with an inimitable drawl, and took off the queer frontier speech to the life.

"I really felt sorry," he continued, "that the man who stole the horse was killed, for horse stealing is a sin that I always felt like forgiving a man for. The sin of covetousness never touches my soul except when I see a sleek, spirited horse. I can look on heaps of gold and feel no envy of the owner, on precious stones and be indifferent—even the charms of lovely women hardly move me—but the sight of a fine, high stepping horse about fourteen hands high and a good chest, with clean legs and a springy motion when he walks, sets me aflame with a disposition to own him. I am kept back by a sense that I must not disgrace my family by stealing him, so, when I find a man who has no self control, no education, no moral training, I know that he has stolen horses and pity him for the possession of a passion that is morally his master. My good common sense tells me that if I should take another man's horse I would be discovered and imprisoned. But if I ever got an idea that I could secure it without detection and my crime never be heard of I should—well, I should advise the owner to keep his stable door fastened. Of course this is not for publication for if such candid talk got into print my congregation in Ohio would say I was lacking in orthodoxy and the regular clerical dignity. You must recollect that clergymen while away from home do not as a rule act as dignifiedly as when they are in their parish, and I am no exception to the rule.

Willy Vanderbilt's Row with His Chef.

Announcement of the row between William K. Vanderbilt and his $10,000 chef is the sensation of the hour and society is very much interested and amused, says the Newport correspondent of the New York Herald.

Whether the chef, Mr. Joseph, was discharged, or whether he discharged Mr. Vanderbilt, is not definitely known, but certain it is that the rupture is irreparable and that M. et Mme. Dagniol will sail for Europe Wednesday, going directly to Paris.

The trouble arose over a pair of partridges.

Toujours perdrix never fails to cause trouble in even the best-regulated families and the Vanderbilt's are not exempt from the common woes of humanity. These partridges were served in a manner that did not suit Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"Take them away," she said to the butler. "They are not good."

"Beg parding, mum," said that functionary, after a moment's absence, and returning with his nose at a high angle over the derelict birds, "but Mooseer Joseph says has the birds his perfect."

"Then tell him they are not perfectly cooked, and keep them out of the room!"

"Very good, mum," and returning again, "Beg parding, mum, but mooseer says 'e knows 'ow to cook."

Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, now interfered, with the painful result already mentioned, paid off his chef, and in his best French said: "Bid me goodby and go."

M. Dagniol went.

I found the deposed Frenchman at Pinard's this evening, where he was letting his pot of grievances simmer all over the place. I tried to skim him, but he was too angry to talk intelligible English and was too unnerved at his fall to speak credible French.

"Ah, mon, Dieu! I have zee reputation to compose les menus les plus recherches in Paris. Vas it for zis j'ai quitte la belle France and le cafe Maire? Are nom de nom de nom de nom d'une pipe! Rats, alors!

"Mais," pulling himself together, "vat you vill viz me? You vill me interview? Que voulezvous que je vous dise? Allez done. Vous autres millionaires Americians, vous ne savez pas distinguer entre un vrai supreme de valaille et votre sacre pork and beans.

"Ouah! A bas la grade cuisine en Amerique! Je pars pour noble patrie."

Something like a bitter Gallic tear here glistened in M. Dagniol's eye, and I gave the interview up as a bad job, after timidly suggesting to the dethroned monarch that some of the New York clubs were awfully in need of just such a cook as he seemed to be.

"Trop tard, mon ami; mon cœur cuisinier est 'braise.'"

A Somnambulist's Performance.

Residing on the South Side, says the Chicago Herald, is a man whose physician has strongly advised him to indulge in a regular exercise This young man has been troubled with insomnia, and is afflicted with somnambulism. He believes, however, that he has the making of an athlete in him, and when he received his physician's instructions he resolved to bring it out. So he had a horizontal bar erected in the back yard of the house, and upon this he practiced daily. His principal feat was to grab the smooth bar with both hands and swing around with great rapidity. One night the young man's mother was awakened by the noise of a door closing. She arose and tiptoed toward the back part of the house. Looking out of the rear window she saw her son, clad in his nightgown, revolving on the horizontal bar with lightning rapidity. Amazed at the spectacle of the gyrating son and his flapping night garment, she aroused his father and told him about it. The old gentleman arose, donned his pants and went to the rescue. When he succeeded in stopping the evolutions of the flying boy he learned that he was asleep, and that he had posed as a somnambulistic athlete. He awoke him with some difficulty and led him back to his bed. Now the young man has his parents lock his doors and windows when he goes to bed. He is anxious to regain his health, but he will not go so far as to do a horizontal act in his nightgown.

Sally Would Take Her Rest.

Said a homely, bent little man pathetically, when speaking of the mother of his children, who had done her life work: "It comforts me powerfully to know that Sally would allus lie down every afternoon an' sleep a bit. Some folks tho't 'twas a dretful lazy habit, and 'twas no wonder we didn't get rich faster, but she suited me jest as she was. Sally was a comfortable sort of a woman to have around, never frettin' at a feller or faultin' him when things didn't go right. When feelin' troubled she'd often say, 'Father, I believe I'll lie down and rest for a few minutes,' an' then back she'd come spry and chipper as a canary bird. Sally didn't drive and scold, but she wasn't lazy, an' she brought up the youngsters to do their part. I don't see that drivin' women gets on one mite better than she did. It does comfort me to know Sally would take her rest."

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SONGS.

THOMAS DERMODY.

O tender songs!
Heart-heavings of the breast that longs
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers
As fleeting—but more sweet.

O glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spir.t-stirrring summons come,
To urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

O mournful songs!
When Sorrow's hosts, in gloomy throngs,
Assail the widowed heart;
You speak in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death has ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

O lovely songs—
Breathings of heaven! to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince and peer and swain,
With gentle power that knows not wane
Till thought and life depart.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

Fifteen minutes later, and the deadly bullet lay in Nell Thanet's slight hand, which then, and not till then, showed signs of tremor.

Sir William eyed her keenly. Her eye sank beneath his searching look; she turned hastily away and applied herself to the dressing of the patient's wound; but she was not as deft as usual; somehow her sight seemed at fault, and some large tears fell. Sir William quickly took the appliances from her hand.

"Let me finish," he said. "You have done enough for one day—you have made yourself a name. And now," he continued, bending over the Colonel, "all you have to do is to get well. You have plenty of strength for that, thanks to Dr. Thanet."

"Doctor who?" asked the sick man quickly.

"Thanet," answered Sir William—"Doctor Thanet."

"Oh, why did you?" cried Nell suddenly. "He has fainted."

She spoke in her natural voice, not in the rougher tone she had assumed. Only Sir William noted the change; but he made no remark. He administered a stimulant, and in a little while Lyon Leslie returned to consciousness. He looked eagerly round; but Nell had drawn back; only Sir William's great form was visible.

"Your life depends on absolute quiet," he said. "Take this, and sleep."

Sir William was not a man to be disobeyed; the Colonel was fain to do his bidding, and, in a few minutes, as from very weariness, his eyes closed, and he slept.

Nell then left some directions with Mrs. McIan, and followed Sir William into another room. Mr. Parr was in haste to be gone, to carry the glad tidings to Lady Masters.

"You are an ornament, sir, to the profession," he said, shaking Nell's hand warmly. "You'll be a great man some day."

Nell's heart sank within her as the door closed, and she was alone with Sir William. She was afraid, she scarcely knew why. He did not leave her long in suspense. He came up to her, took her passive hands in his firm grasp.

"Young lady," he said kindly, "I have penetrated your secret. You know I am an unapproachable anatomist"—smiling. "You are safe with me, and I wish you all success. Greater skill I never witnessed than I witnessed to-day; and I have had much experience. Tell me one thing—I do not ask from idle curiosity—did you know Colonel Gordon before?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling; "but I did not know it was he at first. I begged my brother to let me see the case, as I had made surgery a more particular study than he had, and so I was led on. He does not recognize me, and did not know my name—I was only 'the doctor' to him till you told him. Sir William, you will not betray me? Randall can do all that is necessary now."

"Doctor Helen Thanet," he said, "you see I know all about you—I've heard a good deal. Your secret, whatever it is, is safe with me; but I refuse to give Dr. Randall Thanet the credit of what you have done. No one need know how you managed it; but the case and your name must be in the medical journals. And, take my advice, my dear young lady and fellow-worker—take your brother's name off your door. You can only injure each other. This is not a sort of thing you can do again with impunity. I've been told quite lately a good deal about your brother; he is young enough to choose another career. I speak to you as I would to my own daughter. I only wish I had such a one.

Then he raised Nell's hand to his lips and took his departure.

The advice given by Sir William Cheque was followed. Randall's name disappeared from his door; only his sister's remained. He had retired from the medical professsion to follow that of literature, that was the simple announcement made—he preferred books.

But a great care was taken off Nell's apprehensive heart, and an intolerable load off Randall's. He could be himself now, live his own life, and feel to his fellow-man.

It was of necessity a bitter disappointment to his father, who was at first disposed to resent it on Nell, and inclined to regard her success as an actual injustice to her brother. It took time to force the conviction on him of, in this instance, at any rate, female supremacy; and, when at last he grudgingly admitted that his daughter had won what his son had lost, and that by superior acquirements, he qualified the acknowledgement by asserting that the latter had failed, not from lack of capacity, but because he had obstinately elected to become that "devious and indefinable thing a *litterateur*."

Prudent Mrs. Thanet never once said, "I told you so!" She was more than satisfied that for her boy the strain of a distasteful calling was at an end, and she wrote some words of approval and cheer, urging him to justify the step he had taken by doing what she was sure he would do, making the same mark in his new profession his sister had in the one of which she was such an ornament. And in time, in very despite of himself, her husband took an increasing interest in his daughter's career and pride in her triumphs; but, by a strange contradiction, as it seemed, but in reality only in simple conformity to a nature given to fixed ideas, when the son, who had disappointed him so keenly did make the mark his mother predicted he would in the world of letters, he felt neither pride nor satisfaction, and acknowledged no merit.

A great eagerness seemed to have come on Doctor Randall Thanet's patient, an eagerness to recover. He was no longer quiet and enduring, he was restless and unsatisfied.

"I did not know that you were my old acquaintance Randall Thanet," he said to the latter, the evening of the operation. "You have placed me under a life-long obligation."

Randall chafed at the undesired acknowledgement.

"I only discovered your identity," he said ha—y, "by accident; but you take a wrong view of the matter; it is my profession that is under obligation to you. You have afforded it one of the most interesting cases of the day; to me personally you owe nothing, absolutely nothing on the score of skill."

"Nurse, said the colonel, a few days later, "Doctor Thanet has never been the same since the operation— I mean at night. I used to watch for his night-visits—he seemed to bring an atmosphere of soothing calm with him—he never now arranges my pillow—I asked him once; but he was so awkward—and then his voice seemed to be so soft. It is such a strange metamorphosis. I can't account for it."

Mrs. McIlan thought how easily she could; but she only smiled, and said the Colonel was getting well and seeing things as they were, and not as he fancied. But the Colonel was not satisfied.

At last the day came when it was pronounced safe for Colonel Leslie-Gordon to be moved to the country. He was to go to his sister's country-seat. Randall came to bid him good-bye, and to see him safely conveyed to the station. He did not seem to require much care and he said so. Wasted still, and worn-looking, there were evidences of quickly returning strength. He had that morning dressed himself without assistance—he told Randall so with satisfaction—and the day before had taken a half-hour's walk in the Green Park without much fatigue,

"I'm naturally strong," he said. "A week of country air will set me on my legs. You'll see that I'll be at the opening of Parliament." Then he paused, and added hesitatingly—"How is your sister, Randall? I can't forget you were only a lad when I was at—at Thorpe."

"My sister is well," Randall replied, a little stifly. "She lives with me"—he did not add she practised.

"She—she went in for medicine, didn't she?—to be a—a nurse, I suppose?"

"My sister, Colonel Gordon, is one of the most rising physicians of the day. I hear the carriage—you mustn't be late for the train;" and, with an air of hauteur, Randall lifted the Colonel's wraps and led the way to the door.

It had been on Lyon Leslie's tongue to ask if his old acquaintance, the pretty Nell, still held him in remembrance; but the flush on her brother's cheek warned him that he was on dangerous ground. With a heavy sigh, a feeling of intolerable smallness, a sudden swelling up of a yearning regret, a dissatisfaction with himself and with Randall, he followed the latter to the carriage.

"I will come and see you," he said, as he took Randall's reluctant hand. "Will you remember me to your sister?"

Randall bowed gravely, but said nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Gordon, in his anxiety to get well, had kept early hours at his sister's luxurious mansion. To-night the chimes clock in the great hall had tolled the third hour of the morning before he sought his pillow. For hours, whose flight he hardly noted, he had sat in a great arm chair before the fire, in his hand a lock of dark hair, and on a tiny table at his side a massive gold locket and chain; close to this lay an open journal—the Lancet. The page at which it was open bore a mark from a blue pencil. He had read the article so marked until he could have repeated the article without hesitation. It was his own case. He knew now to whom he owed his life.

Late on the following day, five by his watch, he stood in a little room where Doctor Helen Thanet received her patients in the forenoon, waiting her return from her rounds. She was not as punctual as usual. A difficult case, the servants supposed.

Randall was opportunely absent. He was not expected to return until the morning.

She came at last, her light ulster on her arm, and her close plain hat in her hand—glad that the day's work was over, just a little tired and anxious.

"A gentleman, ma'am, who would not be denied," the servant said; "he has come with a message for you. He is not a patient"—for Nell saw no patients in her own house after a certain hour,

And thus these two were once more face to face. The servant had gently closed the door as he retired from showing his mistress in.

For the moment Nell forgot the prostrate man, the fateful illness, the watching, and the anguish of the month that had passed; she did not hear the faint moan, or see the fever-lighted eyes and the hollow cheeks. Memory rushed back on her—a winter's day, now eight years a thing of the past. It filled her ears with the rush and bustle of a departing train and the imperative ring of a bell; it sounded like a knell now. It showed her, in dim gas-light, an eager, half-ashamed face bending towards hers. A warm, tremulous hand grasped hers. The words "Dinna forget" came back to her like a long-lost melody. Her lips moved as at a magnetic touch; she shivered—the vain phantasy had passed, and she was herself once more—herself—calm, cool, but gentle withal.

"I am glad to see you so much better, Colonel Gordon," were the quiet, conventional words she spoke. She did not hold out her hand in greeting. "Will you not sit down? You must not try your strength yet;" and she brought a chair forward.

He pushed it aside. With a sudden action, against which she was powerless, he seized her hand, and drew her to the fading light. He was still weak, even then she could see that, and he was pale and haggard; but his eyes were eager; they looked a victor's.

"Nell, Nell," he cried, "you haven't forgotten—I know you haven't! I owe you one life; will you not give me back another? I have never loved another woman, though I have tried. I am rich now. I have a name. I lay all at your feet, Nell, my darling. Look at me with your sweet true eyes, as you did by the lake that summer day, and tell me you love me still, and —and—forgive me."

She did not try to release her hand. She stood calmly still, as she answered—

"You say you have tried to love another. I never did, Lyon Leslie; you had my first, and you will have my last. I can never forget; but I will never marry you—never marry any one. Let my hand go free"—he had drawn her nearer. "There is a gulf between us that can never be bridged. Leave me in peace. I am not unhappy now."

She had struggled free, but did not turn aside. In the strength of betrayed trust, of conquered self, she stood erect and cold. All suddenly she seemed to him unapproachable as an accusing spirit, and invested with a dignity that raised her, even in person, above his height; and yet she was but a slender girl, of no commanding presence, so to speak, and with no striking beauty to catch the eye.

"Nell, I did you wrong," he pleaded; "but what could I do? I was poor in those days, and you were not all serious either, or you would not be given a *gage d'amour* to that man who calls himself the Baron von Melkenburg. I saw it—it was a link of the chain I sent you, and it had inside the words 'dinna forget.'" Then, as if suddenly inspired he continued, "I did love you, Nell, but when I found your love was not so very deep as I had believed, I thought myself free; but I was not. Your spell has been on me always—I never could forget."

She looked at him with a strange wondering sorrow in her eyes.

"Lyon," she said very gently, "you are even less true than I thought you. You know in your heart that I never gave that man the link he showed you. You knew it when he made the boast; but you accepted the lie—it justified your falseness. You were present when he repeated that lie, and you saw the punishment he got; but you said not a word. You are not a true man, Colonel Leslie-Gordon; the Lyon Leslie I loved was a creature of my own creation, and, like the baseless fabrics of all such visions, he has vanished. Do not mistake me; what I thought he was I shall always love, and I shall dream no more dreams."

Then she turned quickly and opened a secret drawer in a cabinet, and laid in his hand the tiny link that had been returned to her so many years ago.

"Andrew Kennett sent it back to me," she said; "it was stolen from my room. Read that."

He obeyed her, taking from her a slip of paper and opening it. It ran thus—

"I do confess I did take a link out of Miss Thanet's chain. I did find the chain on her table one morning; her room was open, and I did do it for a bit of fun."

That was all. The document was signed in due form by the Baron.

"Then why," he asked trembling, ashamed—"why did you return me the chain?"

"Because," she replied simply—"because, Colonel Gordon, I read your note to my mother, and I thought it better to take no love-gift until I was old enough to understand the tender passion."

She looked at him, with no scorn in her sweet eyes, only very sorrowful, as if for both.

A moment's silence, and then a great wave of passion rose in the man's heart. He dashed the link into the fire, the chain and locket, too; only the soft curl he held safe and close. He knelt to her, he pleaded his rescue from death at her hands—instinct told him we love the thing we serve—her own love, which he defied her to deny or to live down; he swore he would only live at her bidding, that body, soul and spirit were her's and her's only for all time, and to all hereafter. He challenged her to take on her blood-guiltiness, that more than real life lay at her word—a human soul.

"I will be what you make me, Nell; you will raise me step by step till I come to your ideal once more, the Lyon Leslie, dear, who stood by your side, your hand in his, watching the forget-me-nots drift down the little steam. If no one had come between us with wordly wisdom and cold caution these words would never have been penned—other words would have been spoken that never could have been unsaid, and I would have been bound to you. We Leslies are men of honor, Nell."

"Are you?" she said. "Then I do not rightly know what honor means. Do you know I am glad you did not speak those words, for then perhaps my eyes might have been opened too late; now I remember one that perished." Her voice was soft and low, then it changed and she went on almost passionately, yet with a strong restraint that told how well self was governed. "I would not do you the injustice to marry you, Colonel Gordon, because I could never forget how lightly you held the love that was all the world to me, and I could never trust you wholly. Can you realize now—perhaps you can, for I see you do suffer—that you blighted my woman's life, that you nearly broke my heart, Lyon Leslie? Hush!" she added, as he would have interrupted her. "Listen a brief moment! My art has taught me much, it has taught me of diseases so inherent in the body as to be beyond the skill of medicine to cure; the taint can only be covered, but to break out again and again; and as the body is, so is the mind. A taint will break out again and again. Your heart is not sound, Lyon Leslie; it would play me false again. It played you false this very hour, when you tried to lay the blame of your old cold caution on another, tried even to make me believe that you had thought me fickle; you knew it was not truth you spoke. Untruth is inherent in your nature, and the taint will break out again and again. I will not link my fate with yours."

At these strong words his mood changed; he was stung to the quick; so stung, anger mastered shame.

"So be it!" he cried. "I will not ask again; your unnatural calling has made you cruel. You are a pedant, you are self-righteous. If is human to err, it is divine to forgive; you would not be divine if you could——"

He turned from her with a bitter pang; she stood so meekly still, her spiritual face pale with anguish; but there was no wavering there. She looked at him with a dumb reproach, and then, noting his changing color, she remembered how weak he must necessarily be still, as indeed he was—things began to seem indistinct before him, and he caught at the table as he made for the door.

"Say," she cried; "drink this"—holding to his lips a cordial hastily poured out.

It was the old tone of authority strangely familiar to him; it seemed natural to him to obey. In his weakness he was conscious of the soothing sensation her presence had before produced, when she smoothed his sick pillow at nfght.

"Nell," he said, pleading once more —"Nell, my very pride is dead. I will be abject to you. Will you not forgive?"

"Forgive you, Lyon? Yes, I forgive you; but we meet no more." Her tears fell fast, but her voice was steady. She went on, taking his hand in her's and holding it as in farewell—"And do me no further injustice, for the man I loved I shall love always, the Lyon Leslie I knew before that Valentine's Day eight years ago. No other shall ever take his place; for the years that may still be mine, I live for my art alone; but"—she caught his hand and held it to her heart, looking up to him with eyes full of pain and resolve, pouring out her words with sobs—

"'Perchance and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
We two may meet before High God, and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine.'"

She ceased. He stood, as if stunned, in his dumb agony. Then she leant forward, raised her face to his, which had sunk on his breast, laid a light kiss on his quivering eyes, and left him there.

* * * *

A few weeks later, the departure of Colonel Leslie-Gordon for the Continent was announced. He had gone, so said the papers, to recruit his strength before assuming the command of his regiment, ordered to Africa on active service. Lady Masters accompanied him.

The Baron von Melkenburg did not make the noble alliance the society journals had announced. At Nell's request Randall sought an interview with the Earl of Wratelm, and laid before him a short document containing certain revelations made by the late William Stubbs, once stud-groom to Squire Nettlethorpe of Nettlethorpe Hall. That part of the revelations touching sundry turf transactions was pooh-poohed by the noble Earl, but, when they extended to particulars of the Baron's parentage and true patronymic, which was—as set forth in the said revelations—Bill Batts, his righteous wrath broke out, and his sense of honor experienced a sudden quickening. He was able to make very good terms with the illustrious foreigner, and Lady Wester Wedger has entered once more in the home-running for the matrimonial stakes.

Nell knows no hours of vain regret. Her art fills her life; but yet she sometimes questions, when for a brief moment that dull aching tells how deep her wound has been, if it is indeed

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

THE END.

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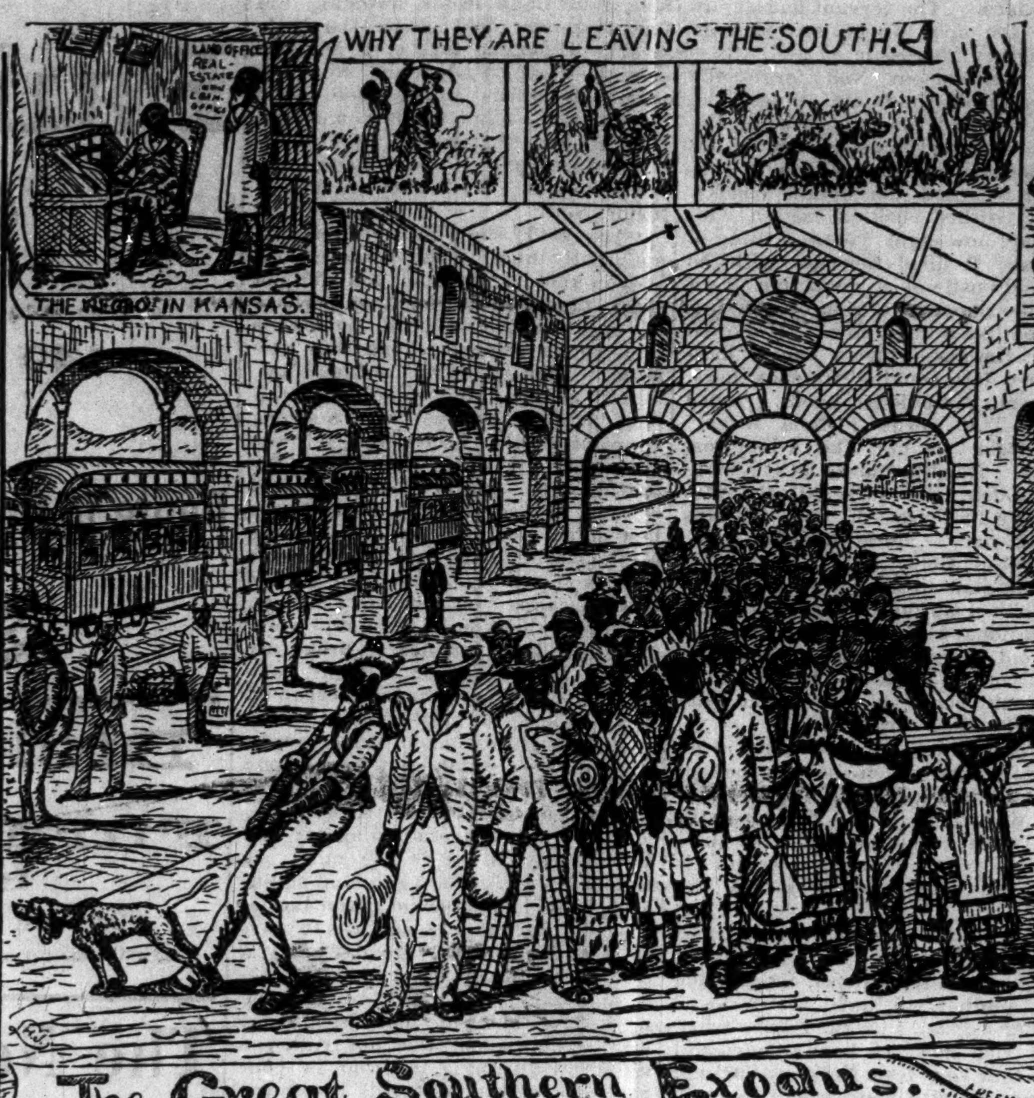
EDUCATION of the practical kind is what the Negro needs to-day. Not so much Greek and Latin and classics, but more industrial training is the imperative demand of the hour.

THERE is a growing sentiment among the colored people of the country in favor of fair play and full political recognition. And nothing short of this will appease them hereafter. The politicians of the future to be successful must be wiser or more honorable in their dealings.

THE abuse heaped upon colored Democrats has the effect of increasing rather than decreasiug men of that political persuasion. And say what you will it is just what is needed to bring the Republican party to a sense of justice and a sense of its duty to the colored voters. The colored Democrats are the salt of the body politic of the country. They can ask more impertinent (?) questions, and put more people to thinking than a whole regiment of colored Republicans who are willing to vote on the issues settled twenty years ago, and who are satisfied with whatever recognition is dished out to them.

THE colored brother is coming along right sharp. The way they are booming ex-Confederates to land them into profitable offices is a caution. The lamentations that the Virginin Lancet, in its last issue, was sending up, because Senator Mahone was "insulted" by a numher of his political opponents howling to drown the cheers of the Mahonites as their chief stopped at a station in a railroad car, was enough to bring tears to one's eyes. Then there is Fourth Auditor Lynch taking a vacation to go down to his home in Mississippi to make certain the nomination of General Chalmers, who not only licked Lynch out of his boots in the most approved bulldozing style of the South when both were running for Congress from the same district, but is the "hero of Fort Pillow" where the colored Union troops were given no quarter after surrender. Lynch now swears by Chalmers and insisted upon his nomination for the Governorship of Mississippi on the Republican ticket, notwithstanding some of the less prominent colored men of the convention, who do not make their home out of the State as does Fourth Auditor Lynch, thought that no nomination should be made. Lynch was for fighting, he wanted "blood, blood," if "the great principles of this American government were in any way menaced." But the men who have to do the voting and the fighting and the staying at home, said nay and that the "Negroes could not fight the whites." At any rate Gen'l Chalmers was nominated and he proposes to lead in the fight, with the other white Republicans of the State, for himself and the colored Republicans, with Mr. Lynch in Washington looking on at the fun. After awhile a great host of ex-Confederates, who cannot now be touched with a forty foot pole by colored men, make up their minds to capture the Republican party in the South by entering the ranks, they will be attended with the utmost solicitude by the colored leaders who feast and fatten on the sacrifices of the poor, unthinking masses.—Philadelpbia Sentinel.



IT is refreshing to compare the utterances of Hons. B. K. Bruce at Henderson, Ky., Sept. 23, and John R. Lynch's at Springfield, Ills., on the same date. Mr. Bruce's speech was that of a statesman and scholar, while Mr. Lynch's was that of a politician and stump speaker. Mr. Bruce eschewed politics, spoke of educational and industrial training as the best and quickest solution of the race problem, and advanced pacific measures for both races South, and pointed to a grand future for the Negro. The whites as well as the blacks decorated for the celebration and were pleased with the speech, and proud of the gifted ex-Senator. Mr. Lynch on the other hand painted a dark, uninviting picture of the Negro. He spoke of the blood hound and auction block and slave pen, and openly insulted one-half of the white people present. General Palmer who was invited to a seat on the rostrum was forced to get up and say he (Lynch) spoke falsely. Such utterances as Lynch's are calculated to embitter the feeling of the Southern people, and he is not a wise man who does not know this. Lynch is a back number,

MISSISSIPPI'S BOULANGER.

How ex-Senator Bruce Gets the Title—The Republican Campaign.

Ex-Senator B. K. Bruce has returned from Mississippi, where he assisted in putting a Republican State ticket in the field, where it has not been the custom to make any resistance to the election of a Democratic governor.

Since the election he has been dubbed the Boulanger of Mississippi because of his having been a delegate from so many counties. He was elected delegate to the Republican State convention from Warren county, where is situated Vicksburg, the largest commercial city; Hinds county, in which is the capital city, Jackson; and from Bolivia and Leake counties. Besides being four delegates he was several other officers of the convention. He was elected both permanent and temporary chairman. Upon his earnest advocacy the full State ticket was nominated.

THE ONLY COLORED MAN on the ticket was W. H. Mollison for Secretary of State, who is a highly educated man and possesses considerable wealth. Twenty years ago the Democrats nominated a colored man for this office. There is no chance now for a fight on color line. Gen. Chalmers was nominated for governor because of his being an ex-brigadier of the confederacy and a Democrat until 1883. The Republicans are going to fight for the election of their ticket.

T. Thomas Fortune of the New York Age was one of the orators at an emancipation celebration at Knoxville, Tenn., recently. The reception accorded him was grand and warm, and is another evidence that after all our journalists are appreciated,

Hon. Chas. H. J. Taylor ex minister to Liberia gives a scathing criticism of "An Appeal to Pharaoh" in a recent issue of the Atlanta Constitution. He says the book is rotten to the core in theory, and the author whoever he may be, is a coward for not signing his name to the book.

"Chips" by "Broad Axe" is the the title of a book we have just received. It might have been termed "chunks" rather than "chips," for there are some large chunks of wisdom contained therein. It is written by Rev, Thomas Jefferson Smith, better known as Broad Axe Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Smith styles himself the only colored humorist in the world, and a perusal of the "Bustle" will readily convince one of the truth of this assertion. But "Broad Axe" must be seen to be appreciated. When you have seen him and have been charmed with the "gift of his gab" you can more fully appreciate his "chips." Broad Axe is not a beauty—far from it, but he is one of the most humorous and entertaining speakers we ever listened to. His portrait appears in the books, and The Freeman is prepared to supply a limited number of copies. Price 25c.

Dr, J. M. Townsend has mnde a very few bold utterances for an office holder, Few Afro-Americans who have occupied his position would have dared to take his stand. None have ever done so althongh there is little question that their opportunities have been abundant. When it was intimated to him that it might jeopardize his positian to attend a meeting to protest against the wrongs imposed on his race he said boldly: "If my holding office depends upon my keeping still about the wrongs of my people, I will hand in my resignation before midnight." We need such men as these in office more than we need offices.—Detroit Plaindealer.

H. C. Smith—not Harry of the Cleveland Gazette, but another fellow by the same name has started a colored Democratic paper in Chattanooga, Tenn., and is already making the fur fly. Speaking of the colored vote of the Chattanooga district, he says:

"The full registration in Chattanooga, Tenn., shows 3,114 whites and 2,540 Afro-Americans; 574 white majority. Although the city's pay roll numbers 150 names, not a single Afro-American's name is on it. Republicans are in power. Republican Congressman Evans of this district has recommended appointments that have brougt about 600 changes, and only one place is secured by an Afro-American. He goes to Washington "to wash dirty and filthy spittoons at fifty-five dollars per month."

The Agitator may not be popular with colored people, but it will do a "mint" of good for them.

Bishop Turner, of Atlanta, Ga., who is himself a Negro, declares that four-fifths of the white people of the South are opposed to outrages on the colored men. If that is the fact, it seems as if the four-fifths ought to have some restraining influence upon the other fifth.—Press.

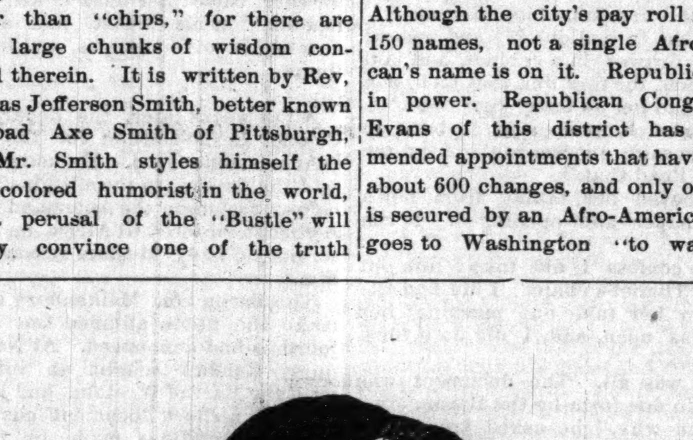
The Hon D. A. Straker, of Detroit, Mich., has brought suit against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad company for $10,000 damages for killing Mr. Anderson on July 3rd, '89, by running over his body and causing his death at the foot of Hastings street.

Sixth Auditor Coulter, of Ohio, promoted Frank Hyman, an Afro-American clerk in his department, to the position of bookkeeper, He says Hyman is one of the finest clerks in his office and justly earned the promotion.

Hon John M. Langston evidences a willingness to head the movement for the organization of a National Afro-American League which shall have especial care of the vital interests of our people.

The colored elevator boy in the Maplewood hotel at Bethlehem, N. H., is a graduate of Harvard College. A boy with so much education and so little ambition is not worthy of it.

The Free Speech and Head Light of Memphis will henceforth be known as the Memphis Free Speech.



REV. A. A. HAMILTON,
Of Vicksburg, Miss.

The Colored Men of St. Louis Organize a Protective League—Cheers For The Freeman.

St. Louis Special to The Freeman.

The Negroes of St. Louis are abont to stand up and defend themselves. On last Sunday the "National Negro Protective Alliance" was organized with the following officers: Supreme Councellor I. G. Harvey, Sr. Vice Councellor John Garrett, Jr. Vice Councellor G. W. Holland, Supreme Recorder J. D. Russell, Dept. Recorder Chas. Joshua, Supreme Treasurer S. W. Williams, Grand Chap. Jno. Jackson, Grand Orator Prof. O. M. Woods, Grand Organizer Rev. J. C. Temple, Standard Bearer W. J. Mansfield, Financial Scribe Robt. Beasley, Sword Bearer Wm. Rozier, Inside Sentinel A. F. Johnson, Outside Sentinel Jno. Glover, Medical Examiner Rev. Geo. Schaffer, Ex. Committee Louis Berry, P. Pittser, F. Brown, Geo. W. Bryant, Wm. Mann, C. H. Tandy, Jas. Franklin, Lee Robinson and Geo. Boldrew. I am proud to say that your paper was heartily endorsed as the truest Negro journal in the world to the race, and you may rest assured that the "Alliance" will support it. Your columns strike terror to the hearts of some of the white Republicans of this city who hold office through the vote of the Negro, and by their action they have demonstrated to this community that the Negro is not fit for a position of prominence. Make it warm for them Bro. Cooper, for the pen is mightier than the sword. Oh that we had one thousand Coopers, and one thousand Freemans to stand up and fight the cause of the Negre.

Yours truly,
J. D. RUSSELL,
Supreme Recorder National Negro Protective Alliance.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

Political Activity—Monumental Literary----Baltimore's New Professional Men---Social Items---A New Journal.

Baltimore Special to The Freeman.

BALTIMORE, MD., Oct. 5, 1889.—The most absorbing topic of general discussion at this writing, in the "Monumental City," is politics, pure and simple. And the interest and enthusiasm are doubly increased by reason of a doubt as to the course which will be pursued by a strong Democratic faction known as the Morrison faction, which is composed of the large and influential Crescent Club, and also because of the growing dissatisfaction among the colored voters to the fusion between the Independent Democrats and the Republicans. A large number of colored voters claim that when Republican leaders leave party lines and party principles, that they (the colored voters) are not bound to follow. A strong effort is being made to harmonize, and should the Fusion ticket receive the full support of the cclored vote, the straight-out Democratic ticket will doubtless meet with defeat. The campaign is now begun in earnest. A brave and vigorous fight is expected on both sides.

The Monumental Literary, an institution of a large membership and general usefulness in the community, has begun its weekly meetings. On Tuesday evening last a masterly production was read by Lawyer Geo. M. Lane, of the Baltimore bar. Subject, "Intelligence necessary to political eminenee." The paper provoked a lively and interesting discussion and the audience of several hundred was well pleased.

Baltimore has now her full share of professional men—five colored physicians and five colored lawyers. The ranks have been recently swelled in medicine by Drs. W. T. Carr, Jr., and C. H. Fowler. The former is a graduate of Long Island College Hospital, an exceptionally bright and promising young physician, and since his settlement in Baltimore has received that encouragement that his ability demands. The latter is a graduate of University of Michigan and has a promising future before him. In law, Chas. W. Johnson, Harry S. Cummings and George M. Lane. The first two are the first graduates of color from the Law Department of Maryland University. The latter is a graduate of Howard University. They are all doing well.

Mr. John Bishop, a prominent colored undertaker, of this city, is soon to marry Miss Kate Thomas, a charming and worthy young lady, also of this city.

W. E. Matthews, Esq., of Washington, is soon to read a paper before the Monumental Literary, of Baltimore. Subject, "What I saw and felt abroad."

Dr. H. J. Brown, a prominent local politician, is assisting in the Virginia campaign.

An excellent sacred concert was given on Sunday evening by the choir at Madison Street Presbyterian Church. The selections were choice and appropriate, and the large audience was well pleased.

A new journal has been started for campaign purposes called the Banner of Reform. It has an important mission to fulfill, and under the able management of Messrs. J. W. Adams and J. N. Stith much good is expected to be accomplished by it in voicing the sentiments of and instructing the colored voters on the issues involved in the present campaign.

Your correspondent is happy to say that The Freeman is increasing in popularity among the colored citizens of Baltimore, and that in a large field of 65,000 colored people its presence is calculated to work untold benefits.

JACK.

Walter A. Pinchback, the youngest child of Governor and Mrs. Pinchback, is now attending Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Written for The Freeman.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget, the past is past,
No matter who was most to blame,
The quarrel should not forever last,
Put off that gloomy frown for shame.
None are perfect—all may err.,
When 'neath the sway of passion strong.
Then quarrel not 'tis better far
To heal the breach and right the wrong.

Then forgive and forget, let discord cease.
Bid unkind thoughts depart,
You never can enjoy sweet peace
While anger rankles in the heart,
Then forgive and forget, no longer wait,
But let the old time love revive.
'Tis pitiful and mean to hate,
But it is noble to forgive.

IVANORA B. COPELAND.

Cincinnati, O , Oct. 2, '89.

FEDERAL PATRONAGE FOR THE NEGRO

In Birmingham, Ala.---Colored Letter Carriers Assaulted---"Yellow Stone Kit" Again---Southern Newspapers---The Freeman in Birmingham.

Birmingham Special to The Freeman.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 9.—I concluded my last letter with a promise to say more about the Birmingham postoffice. The postmaster has at last appointed some colored carriers, and the town is wild with excitement. Did I say "the town?" Pardon me, I should not have been so unkind in my statement. The excitement and indignation is only among the lower and middle class of whites. All the high-toned and aristocratic element are quiet and satisfied comparatively. It is no new thing to them to have Negroes wait on them, and they do not envy the Negro the position. The Age-Herald, of this city, dubs the carriers "coons" and in one issue last week declared that the affair was "damnable."

The postmaster is still firm and has appointed more "coon carriers" since the muddle. One of the colored carriers was assaulted by an unseen party on Thursday with a beer bottle. Luckily the missile missed its mark. It is hard to tell what the worst will be. If there is not a speedy war of the races it will not be because the Southern papers have not done their best to bring it on. If a Negro editor wrote such hellish, ungodly, damnable articles as the Age-Herald of this city flaunts into the faces of the citizens of the citizens of Birmingham, he would be caged as a raiser of seditions or mobbed out of the country.

The Freeman could no more exist in Birmingham than an iceberg could at the equator. The second issue would put the editor on the way the great M. E, Bryant went—the road that led to banishment. I listen weekly for a protest to stop the circulation of The Freeman in this city, for our efficient agent, Mr. Crawford, disposes of 400 or 500 weekly, and it is eagerly looked for by hosts of readers. Many say that The Freeman is the leading Negro journal published.

"Yellow Stone Kit" is in the city advertising his pads and making political (harangues) speeches. As he is in Birmingham he curses out the Republican party and hurls red hot anathemas at the North and everything that savors of Yankeedom. In a catchpenny speech made here the other day his reference to Southern chivalry on the part of the soldiers in the late war and the stand the South took was received with vociferous applause. It is unnecessary to add that he sold out his entire supply to that crowd of mossbacks.

The situation down here seems indeed dark, but, thank God, there are a few good Christian men still on our side, and as truly as God lives, heaven will sooner or later appoint a Moses to lead this people out, and on this accursed ground, where our father's blood cries unto the Lord the Negro will dwell in peace and security, with none to molest or make him afraid.

God speed the time.

In my next I will probably take up the Negro as a mass.

Yours for the Race,
A BROTHER IN BLACK.

THE WILMINGTON NEWS.

What the Churches and People are are Doing.

Wilmington Special.

It is the metropolis and a busy city for its size. Out of its shops are built some of the finest cars, and Hollin & Hollingsworth Company built Vanderbilt's yacht.

CHURCHES.

Shiloh Baptist Church is now very nearly completed. Their pastor, Rev. B. T. Moore, has worked faithfully for over ten years, and soon will be able to say, I have helped to build the first Baptist church in Delaware. They have a nice Sunday School. Among some of the workers are Mr. Tobias Whitlen and wife. Their superintendent, Mr. Wm. Winston, seems to be the right man for that position. The missionary, Rev. H. C. Jones, has built a mission at Dover, so we have our flag floating in Wilmington and Dover.

Zion M. E. Church, pastor Rev. Waters, is among one of the largest in the city, and has a large congregation. Bethel is next in size, and has an excellent minister, Rev. Standsberry.

The W. C. T. U. No. 2 meet every second Friday at their hall. They have an excellent library for young men, and is open every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, from 7 until 10 o'clock. The State convention of the W. C. T. U. convenes at Milford on the 16th, 17th and 18th. The delegates from Mo. 2 are Mrs. Margaret Sterling, Mrs. E. D. Clark and Mrs. Amelia Carty. We hope to see the day when we shall be freed from the shame of legalizing the act of him who enticed his neighbor to partake of beer and stronger drinks.

"Ours is the seed time;
God alone beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond, the vision is weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with him;
Yet unforgotten where it lies,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last."

I think Whittier expresses our cause in these lines with beauty and appropriateness. A. N. H.

J. H. Lewis, the successful tailor of Boston, has opened a branch store in Providence, R. I.

The manager of the Bijou Opera House, Milwaukee, Wis., closed its doors to our people.

John J. Clark, of Paulding, O., has been appointed county school examiner for a term of three years.

The Janitors' and Porters' Association, of Philadelphia, are getting ready to establish a branch throughout the city.

The colored tax-payers of Thomasville, Ga., returned $164,063 worth of property. They are thrifty, intelligent and worthy citizens,

Ben Leonard, of Charleston, S. C., killed his paramour because she insisted that he could not join the church and live in adultery with her.

A short stage line is to be established in Richmond, Va., to run over the principal thoroughfares from which Afro-Americans will be excluded.

If the Negroes of the South would, as a whole, support the Democratic ticket, the case would be different; it it would be "Republican outrages" instead of "Democratic."

Under the Harrison regime the color line has been drawn in many of the departments at Washington. Mr. Palmer, tue Public Printer, has put all of the colored help into one department, separate and distinct from the whites.

Miss Mary O. Patterson, of Philadelphia, was elected an assistant teacher in the Roberts Vaux Grammar School, on Wood street, on Friday, Sept. 27th ult., and reported for duty on Tuesday, 1st inst. We wish her abundant success.

Rev. Prioleau preached his introductory sermon, Proverbs 4th chapter, 23d verse, in the morning. The evening services were conducted by Rev. Phelps, text 5th chapter St. Mark, 1st verse, formerly a resident of Philadelphia, but now of this place.

The Young Men's Center Charity Club, of New York, will give a grand reception, Tuesday evening, Oct. 22d, at Wendell's Assembly Rooms, 334 to 344 West 44th street, for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless girls. It is a worthy cause, and should be liberally patronized.

Illinois' Governor, General Fifer and lady, "took tea" with Auditor Lynch at the Leland Hotel.—Springfield (Ill.) Capital. How many colored men has Fifer appointed to office? The tea business is all right; how about the appointments?—Cleveland Gazette.

If there is any one thing more than all another that has started the spirit of Ku kluxism in the South, it was the election of Gen. Harrison as President. It has been stated again and again by bourbon papers that his election was due to the Afro American vote in the close States. Notwithstanding this and the fact that he has been President seven months he has said no word in condemnation of such wrongs.—Plaindealer.

Judge Shipp has been presiding over the Richmond county courts the last two weeks. There were no capital cases tried in this court. We are informed that there were more colored men on the juries than there has been since 1876, and that the character of the colored men serving were both commendable to the colored race and to the sheriff and commissioners. The county has a large number of well-to-do colored men.—Charlotte (N. C.) Messenger.

September 29, '89 was observed as "Historical Day" at the Tuskegee Normal Institute, Tuskegee, Ala. The meeting was large and inspiring points brought out at the meeting were these:

The school has been under the control of Negroes from its organization.

Starting eight years ago with nothing but a promise of $2,000 annually from the State of Alabama, it has secured property including 640 acres of land valued at $100,000, has collected from all sources $150,000 in cash and has in all 14 buildings.

Beginning with one teacher and 30 students, it had in all departments about 500 students in attendence during the last years employed 27 officers and teachers. In addition to four years' course of literary training, nine industries are taught, and there are students present from eleven States.

What's the matter with Harrison?

The colored troops fought nobly.

The World is "in the soup again."

The Freemans' ticket won to a man.

That "circular" must have gotten in its work.

The colored vote is indeed a factor in local politics.

Even the returned Moses from Washington could not bridge the leak. Whom the God's would destroy they first make mad.

L. A, Simpson, A. E. Manning, J. T. V. Hill and Chas. F. Floyd are feeling hugely about now. Their stock has gone up considerably lately.

The Journal had no bulletin Tuesday night. It didn't need any.

We should now have a clean administration of the city government. No more gang rule. No more monopolies. No more gouging from the city treasury.

Henry Sweetland our colored candidate for councilman pulled through and it is due largely to the loyalty of his own race. He will make a good officer.

She—"Uncle Chawles, which is the best to have, in your opinion, muscle or brains?" Uncle Charles—"I don't know. Of course, a collegiate education is a good thing for a young fellow, but when a man goes out into the world, I tell you, he needs brains."

Ferdinand Gazman, the most famous bandit in Spain, is a dwarf, who at one time kept a small store in Granada. He became angered at some action taken by the authorities and took to the mountains. He is hidiously ugly in appearance and utterly unscrupulous. The romantic chivalry attributed to Spanish bandits does not apply to him at all. He has gathered about him a crew of the worst cutthroats in Europe, and over them he reigns supreme. The Spanish government has determined to arrest him and his followers.

Tender as to His Age.

A recent letter written by "Dick" Oglesby to a Platt county (Illinois) committee who asked him to attend a reunion refers to his advanced age in a way that recalls a time when he was more tender upon that point, says the St. Louis Republic. When Oglesby came out of the army he was rapidly approaching 50, and, though still an active man, longed for youth as ardently as did ever Ponce de Leon. One evening, in the Gillette mansion at Lincoln, a company of ladies and gentlemen were awaiting the cessation of a heavy rainfall. In the company were Gen. Oglesby and David T. Littler. Littler, then a young man, made a wager that it was raining as hard as it ever did at the flood and, in his heedlessness, turned to Oglesby and said:

"General, we have a question to refer to you."

"What is it?" said Oglesby.

"We want to know if it rained as hard as this at the flood."

"I was not there, sir," said the general, and then and there began a coldness between Oglesby and Littler which lasted until they were married into the same family.

The fall season has opened up, but not as brilliantly as was anticipated. I suppose, owing to the very bad weather we are having, people not desiring to run the great risks. Yet among the white actors there is a big boom.

The Theodore Drury Colored Opera Company opens in New York on the 10th and 11th insts. About the 1st of November they will start on a tour West for twenty-four weeks if business will permit.

Sam Lucas, wife and son signed a few days ago with the Boston Pavillion U. T. C. company.

Will H. Peirce, the tenor soloist, is at present residing in Baltimore.

The Morris Quartette, of Providence, will give a concert at Blackstone Hall, in that city, on the 50th inst., at which time Miss Ednorah Nahar, elocutionist, of Boston; Madam Waring, soprano, of Washington; Master Joseph Douglass, violinist, of Washington, will make their first appearance in Providence.

Master Joseph Douglass is the grandson of Hon. Frederick Douglass, and is at present a pupil at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Artists please send their routes for publication. Queries concerning the stage will be answered not by mail, but through these columns.

The McGibney family are playing the West to good business.

Nearly all the colored minstrel companies are playing the West.

A. D. Sawyer, formerly of Hicks & Sawyer has started a minstrel troupe which will be playing the Long Island circuit for a short while, and then probably start West.

Ray Wilson, the well-known comedian, is spending a few days in Providence. TRAGE.

A coal miner: I was put to work in an English mine before I was nine years old, but it was by special favor that it did not go sooner, because most of the boys in my district were at work by the time they were five. My duty was to open and close a door in the mine as the tram-cars passed, and I generally remained at work fourteen to sixteen hours every day. When I was twelve. I was set to sorting coal, was made to draw a car when fifteen, and at sixteen a full fledged miner. Children are not now allowed to work in the English mines at so tender an age, but then it was thought quite right to send a child into the mine and keep him there all day and half the night. I received a thri'penny bit, about six cents, for my day's work, and thought myself well paid.

Wretched Wives.

No, I am not one of them; if I were I would not seek an outlet for my outraged feelings in a letter to the space devoted to women's interests in some paper. Our Wisconsin is very free from such outpourings, but I presume the waste basket is full. There seems to be many women who think they are benefiting themselves in particular, and the public in general, by writing of the "weariness of life," the "crosses to be borne," the "blighted hopes" and "blasted expectations." No wonder they write over fictitious signatures. I have even seen "Wretched Wife" signed to one article—which was probably, when the real truth of the matter is reached—as fictitious as any. There are wretched wives, of course, but their wretchedness is not easily put into words. It is down too deep in their hearts to be aired on every possible occasion. My experience has been: those who really had cause to be wretched, were the silent, all-enduring ones. The ones to whom the vow "until Death us do part" meant more than empty words. With these, when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and silence is no longer possible, then indeed we hear a heart's history. Not all, of course, for these sort of women do not tell or write in words carefully selected for the depth of misery they portray, or in mystifying sentences that are intended to imply more than actual words could. From the fact of their speaking at all one can judge what their life has been. I am out of my teens—have been a wife and a mother a number of years, consequently do not view the opposite sex as bearing very strong resemblance to angels; but, looking over my married acquaintances, I am forced to confess, with few exceptions, the husbands have just as much reason to be wretched as have the wives—in some cases a little more. Yet it is a rare thing to hear a man complain of his wife. If he does what contempt we have for him. "He ought to shield her." Of course he ought; but does the obligation all rest on one side? The failings of humanity are many; they are not confined to one sex. May we not be lenient with others, that we may also receive clemency? And above all keep the skeleton, if there be one in affairs matrimonial, out of sight. Let no one catch a glimpse of the unsightly object or hear a rattling of its bones. Try, both of you, husband and wife, to dig a grave and bury it forever. Keep all, lest at some future day strange hands drag it forth—either thoughtlessly or with malice aforethought.—Mrs. E. M. DuBois, in Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Cutting Down Trees.

Recently an Ulster county (New York) farmer cut an acre or two of trees on an elevated portion of his farm with the following result: "My first loss was the drying up of a beautiful brook which had its source in my grove and which ran through a number of fields, furnishing water for cattle while grazing. Five times the value of the wood I sold would have been refused for this stream. In the vicinity of the place where the timber stood the ground became dry during the summer. When rain fell it did not seem to be absorbed; the water ran down the hillsides, making great gullies and doing much damage, while the fields through which the brook flowed did not yield as good crops."

WINGED MISSILES.

The Pope has a full set of pearly white teeth well preserved.

Of the English bench of bishops, twelve are pledged abstainers.

Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French clay pipes.

A buried city, containing relics in profusion, has been unearthed in Honduras.

A Londoner advertises that he is "Porous Plaster Manufacturer to Her Majesty the Queen."

It is reported that a floating island 300 yards in diameter has been found in Honey lake, Idaho.

Buffalo Bill is spending considerable money in making a collection of French paintings of value.

It is a curious fact that there are 200,000 people in the United States who have artificial legs or hands.

A well in the south, from which a strong breeze rushed for years, has suddenly taken to spouting water.

Miss Lincoln, daughter of Minister to England Robert Lincoln, has become an acknowledged belle in London.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

The finest diamonds visible at the Shah's visit to the Paris exhibition are said to have been worn by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allen Poe and Lord Houghton were born in the year 1809.

It is estimated that a major-general in citizen's clothes deteriorates fifty per cent, more especially if he smokes common cigars.

Out of 246 men passing along Main street in Cincinnati on a recent afternoon 210 had lost one or more of the hind buttons off their coats.

There are still over 10,000,000 square miles of unoccupied districts in various heathen lands, where missionaries thus far have never entered.

A London journal states shirts of chain armor, which cost about $500, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

A San Francisco jeweler has just received $700 for diamonds which he sold twenty-five years ago. The purchaser was honest but he had bad luck.

A brakeman on the Chicago & Alton locked three murderous tramps in a refrigerator-car. They have an ice way of doing things on that line.

The drivers of Boston ice wagons suffered more from the heat last summer than the draymen, although having a temperature of 51° at their backs.

George Johnson, of Utica, paid $1,200 for a trotting horse, and he hadn't owned him a week when a rat frightened him so that he jumped and broke a leg.

The prize pumpkin at the county fair may consider itself handsome and popular, but it is not so strong a favorite as the prize onion on the next shelf.

Bombay has a serpent thirty-six feet long in its zoological garden. Let this reptile be seen swimming at sea and the man who reported it would be called a liar.

Some one told a South Carolina negro that if he would drink a gallon of strong vinegar right down that he would never have headache again. He never will.

Fish have been caught in the Gulf of California at a depth of 1,400 feet. It must be fun to pull in a half a mile of fish line and find a three-ounce perch on the hook.

The formation of an orange trust in Boston is announced. The number of spinsters in that city leads to the suspicion that an orange-blossom trust has long existed there.

A Chicago alderman whipped two citizens Sunday night for standing on a street corner. It is hard to say what he would have done if they had been standing in the middle of a block.

It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is about $50,000,000, and it is further estimated that most of it will stay right where it is.

The Japanese are learning how to eat meat. In 1885 only 30,000 head of cattle were slaughtered in all Japan. In 1886 the number increased to 116,600; in 1887, to 130,-500; in 1888, to 200,000.

Col. North, who began life in England as a humble laborer, is now the nitrate king, and pays Chili $1,735,000 per year export duties on nitrates produced by one of his works in that country.

A burglar who was captured by a woman at Elizabeth, N. J., says he could have broken loose from two men. She got him by the hair and hung on, and nothing he could do would shake her loose.

The Queen Regent of Spain has caused advertisements to be published in all the leading newspapers of her dominions offering the two prizes, $5,790 and $2,895, for the two best essays on the life of Christopher Columbus.

A Memphis policeman, who was called on to shoot a dog, managed to hit a boy in the leg, a man in the foot and a horse in the head, and, while he was scattering two or three more bullets along the street, the dog trotted off.

William O'Hare, of Williamsburg, N. Y., was denounced in public by Charles Masters as "a pious old fraud with the instincts of Satan," and a jury assessed the damages of $3,000. Mr. Masters said he supposed this was a free country.

A West Virginian trained a tiny stream of water to fall drop by drop on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.

"Can the mosquito be exterminated?" is a question which some people seem to think difficult to answer. Yet any man who has experimented vainly with one mosquito from bed-time to the breakfast hour can give the proper reply with his eyes shut.

The Queen Regent of Spain and her family were weighed recently at San Sebastian. King Alfonso weighs 35 pounds; his mother, the Queen Regent, 118; his eldest sister, the Princess of the Austrias, 48; the Infanta Maria Theresa, 45. The whole family, therefore, weighs three pounds less than ex-Queen Isabella, who tips the scale at 249.

Emperor William has but recently honored himself with any high military rank. Though as Kaiser he is the "War Lord" of the German army, he remained but a brigadier until a short time ago, when he rose to be a major-general. Since Queen Victoria made him a general, Moltke has urged him to come up to the first rank, and he is now a commanding general.

THE OLD MAN MAKES A SWOP.

I've swopped ther ole gray mare, Lizer,
'Nd gi'n ther cash ter boot
'Twixt her 'nd er peart young mule, Lizer,
Thet'll jest my fancy suit.
What! Sorry I swopped her, Lizer?
Wal, wife, that's pow'ful strange,
I 'lowed yer'z tired ov her, Lizer,
'Nd like me, wanted a change!

We've had her with us so long, eh,
Yer hates to lose her now!
Wal, wife, its curus how wimmin
'Ll hev sech feelin's! Somehow
When it comes ter tradin' 'nd swoppin',
They're allus at a loss;
Wimmin ain't meant fer b'zness
When t comes ter tradin' er hoss

Now don't begin ter cry, Lizer,
'Nd go on in thet fool way;
Ets too late now ter be sniffin'—
Ther ole mar's gone ter stay!
Now jest sort o' reconsider,
'Nd you'll 'low I wuz right
In gettin' rid ov ther critter
With sech er trade in sight.

What's thet yer say!—*Whoa!—Lizer!*
Whoa! yer infernal—*Whoa!!!*

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Good Lor! Wuz thet an earthquake
Ez elevated me so!
No! Now I recklect, Lizer,
'Twas thet air mule! Say, wife,
I've got er kickin' catapult!—
Ther wust trade in m' life!

Talk erbout swoppin' hosses!
(I'm sick ez sick kin be.)
Ter think thet kickin' varmint
Could be worked off on me!
Thet trader wuz er rascal!
But sence I bring't ter mind,
I forgot ter tell him, Lizer,
Ther ole gray mar' wuz blind!

THE SENATOR'S STORY.

A Hasty Speech for Which He Dearly Paid.

"Well, said the senator, as he selected a fresh cigar and reached over for a match, "you may not think it, but I came mighty near being hung once.

The whole party started. Any one less likely to be accused of serious crime than our host—a distinguished lawyer and state senator of California—it would have been hard to imagine.

"How was that?" I asked.

"When I was a young chap I got my sheepskin from Dartmouth, and as I had a few dollars, I made my way out to this state. I mined for a while, and then went to Sacramento, where I hung out my shingle and waited for business. It was literally a shingle, too, painted by myself. I soon after met a girl, Polly Sinclair, the daughter of Robert Sinclair, a builder. There were not so many girls there then, and Polly had plenty of fellows after her. But somehow she took a shine to me, poor as I was, and I was as much in love with her as man could be. Her people did not like me, though, and naturally enough, too, for I was only a poor, struggling lawyer, and they thought Polly could do better. Her brother was especially against me. Poor Bob, perhaps I was to blame most in the matter. Anyway, Polly and I had found out that we cared for each other, and one night, when we were walking together, we met Bob. He began by calling me all the names he could think of, and my temper being none of the best, I got mad.

"Polly kept begging me not to quarrel, and at last I turned away, leaving her with him. As I left I said to him that we would meet again, when I would make him explain his words.

"I was so excited that I could not go home, and I walked along the road for, I should think, five miles from the town. Then I turned and walked back, went to my room, and, being tired out, went to sleep.

"In the morning I was waked up by the sheriff, and arrested for murdering Bob. The poor fellow had been found in the street with his head crushed in by a blow from behind, and every thing he had with him taken. There were a dozen witnesses to what I had said to him and to the quarrel. No one had seen me during the evening; my boarding-house keeper had not seen me come in, and altogether things looked rather black for me. The only thing in my favor, and that was little enough, was that there was nothing of poor Bob's found in my possession.

"Well, I was locked up in the old jail, and to tell you the truth, I didn't see my way out of the trouble. Every one in town believed me to be guilty, and there was some talk about lynching me out of hand. When I say every one, I must make an exception. Polly, bless her, believed in me still, although her father was one of the bitterest, naturally enough.

"I had been in jail about ten days, when one day the door of my cell opened, and Polly came in. How she managed to persuade Sheriff Hughes to let her see me, I do not know, but she did somehow.

"I am not going to tell you what sort of a meeting that was; I could not if I would. Of course, I told her I was innocent of poor Bob's death, and she sobbed out her belief in me as I held her in my arms. At last she whispered her plan to me. I was to escape, and the dear girl shoved a file into my pocket as she talked.

"No one, she said, in Stockton would ever believe that I was innocent; and if I did not run away I would be hung. As for herself, she would try to prove my innocence, and if she succeeded we would be married. If not, then she would never marry any one else. Naturally, I said I would stand my trial, as I was innocent; but when Polly pressed me as to how I was to prove this, I did not know. She talked and begged, and at last I consented. So, as Sheriff Hughes came back, she had to leave me.

"I did not like the job, but still I worked away with the file, and as the bars were pretty poor stuff, I got out one of them. I crawled and reached the street, and then made my way along it towards the edge of the town. I was to strike out across the plains, hiding in the day-time and traveling at nights only. I reached the open country, and just about daylight lay down to sleep in a hollow between two ridges. I could not sleep long, however, and after a time I was lying there wide awake. I got so nervous at last that I made up my mind to go on, and started once more. I had not been walking very long, and, as you may suppose, I was taking advantage of every bit of cover that I could get, when I saw a long line of men riding over the plains toward me. With them were any number of dogs, for, although we had no bloodhounds in those days, there were lots of dogs who would bark at a stranger if they saw one.

"Gentlemen, my heart seemed to stand still. Although I didn't want to escape at first, now that I had, it seemed to me doubly bitter to be retaken. I do not know how to explain it to you, but the second capture was far worse than the first. But what could I do? There wasn't a tree for miles—there was no broken ground nor rocks to hide in. Nothing but that wide rolling plain, and that line of men slowly riding towards me. It made me feel sick.

"I took the only chance I had, and lay down in a hollow place where they might overlook me, and so I waited. I could hear the shouts of the men as they came nearer, hear the barking of the dogs, and I could do nothing. I tell you I seemed to fairly melt with perspiration. At last they came quite close. A dog saw me and began to bark. I sprang to my feet and as I did so a man fired at me and shot me in the shoulder, which is stiff yet. This man was John Bogart, the deputy sheriff. Of course there was no fight—I had nothing to fight with. Sheriff Hughes came up, put me on a horse, and back we went to town. This time I had shackles fastened to my feet. My case was worse than before, because every one was now sure that I had killed poor Bob. I tell you I paid dearly for that hasty speech to him.

"Naturally my capture soon became known, and Polly, as she has told me since, was nearly beside herself at the result. She blamed herself for it all, especially as every one told her that my running away proved my guilt. The poor girl got sick with anxiety and fear, and had to take to her bed.

"Meantime, the time for my trial was coming mighty near, and I do not believe that a juryman could have been found in Sacramento to say that I was not guilty. In fact, any twelve men would have sentenced me without hearing the evidence. My shoulder bothered me not a little, too, and Bogart, the jailer, used to tell me, with a grin, I must get well in time for the 'ceremony,' as he called the hanging. Cheerful, wasn't it?

"One evening, Polly, who was getting a little stronger, was sitting on the porch of their house, when she saw a man walking up the street. She has always said she does not know why she did it, but something made her follow him. She just could not help it. She did follow him down a by-lane, until he reached a hillock of sand just outside of the town. On the further side of this, she saw him dig some things up which he put into his pockets. Then, after filling in the hole, he made his way back, passing close to where the girl was crouching behind a pile of rubbish, so close that she recognized him. She followed him again, and saw him walk towards the jail. Reaching that building, he went into a little house at one side, and Polly crept softly up, and looked through a crack between two of the boards.

"What she saw was enough to make her go to the sheriff's house as fast as she could walk. Hughes had gone to bed, but Polly insisted on his getting up and talking to her. When he heard her story, he put on his hat, went out and got three men he knew, and made his way with them to the house by the jail. Here they walked in, and quietly searched the room.

"I suppose you have guessed what they found. All of poor Bob's things—his watch, his money, a revolver with his name on it, and his pipe were hidden away under a board in the floor under the bed. It was while they were looking at the things that a step was heard, and the door opened for a second. Before they could jump, the man had turned and run, only to fall into the arms of stout Mike Cassidy, the guard Hughes had left by the door, with orders to let any one in but no one out; and when they hauled the man back into the room where the light was, Hughes had the pleasure of looking at his own deputy and jail keeper, John Bogart.

"To make a long story short, Bogart was the guilty man, and he took a more prominent part in the 'ceremony' than he had anticipated. As it afterwards turned out, he had embezzled some money belonging to the county, and hearing that Bob had several thousand dollars with him which he was taking home, he had stolen up behind him in the street and crushed in his head with an iron bar. He might not have done it had he not heard of the quarrel between Bob and myself. In the morning, when the body was discovered, he had suggested that I was the murderer, and, of course, the suggestion was taken up. He confessed everything before he died.

"The next day Polly insisted on telling me the news, and, naturally, she was allowed to. I am not going to say anything about that meeting, but after we had been together an hour Hughes came in, saying he wanted to congratulate me, too. It was not long before I was out on bail, and people could not do enough for me. I got cases as fast as I could take them, and it was not long before I was as prosperous as I had been poor before. As for Polly—why, if you have done smoking, we can join her in the parlor."—Alfred Balch, in N. Y. Ledger.

Sometimes You Can't Always Tell.

A Wise Man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply basswood, and the very best quality of basswood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long, or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as basswood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him in then?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the Wise Man, he began it.—Burdette.

A FEMALE CYCLIST.

How the Wily Machine Ran Away With an Estimable Lady.

She Took an Afternoon Outing in Central Park and Added Materially to the Attractions of that Interesting Resort.

Among the many interesting things to be seen in Central Park, the past week, was my wife's mother on a bicycle. It was not her intention originally to enter into competition with the menagerie, but it's a frozen fact that the two hippopotami were nothing to her after she got fairly started.

I may add that the difficulty was right there—getting started. With the aid of two men and a step ladder my wife's mother can climb upon a good, square-rigged horse with a stout leg under each corner of him, and do it so nicely that the beast will smile through his tears; but with a bicycle it is different. A bicycle has only two legs and neither of them can be depended upon to hold still in an emergency. She enjoys equestrianism very much because she thinks that it reduces her weight, but, as the matter of

TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN.

fact, it is much more likely to have that effect upon the horse. As a friend of dumb animals I have advised my wife's mother to transfer her affections to the bicycle. I told her that it was becoming very fashionable—so much so that the newspapers had begun to libel celebrated actresses and others—Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter among the others by saying that they were experts with the wheel.

I also told my wife's mother that I knew of a girl who reduced her weight twenty pounds by bicycle riding. This was a fact. She broke her spine in three places and isn't out of the hospital yet.

I did not mention the latter part of this to my wife's mother, because I wouldn't be so mean as to spoil her sport with needless anxiety, as, after all, she might live through this as she had through many other things that I had confidently depended upon.

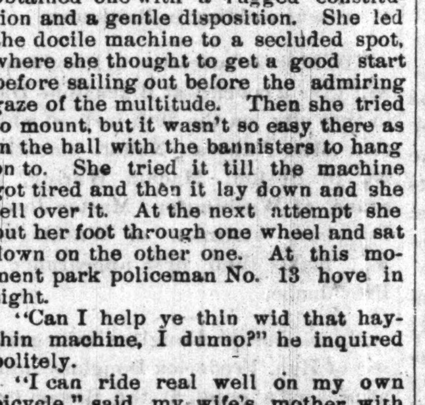
My representations decided her and she prepared for a great success on wheels. She did not care to appear in the park without preparatory practice, so she hired a bicycle and had it brought to the house. With this she experimented in the hall outside the door of our flat, during the daytime, when the men were down town. She did not learn to ride up and down stairs, though she went part of the way down once very successfully, but she acquired a pose which was somewhat easier and more dignified than if the bicycle had been a brush fence, though not much.

Then she decided that it was safe to try the park. There is a place close by where women can hire bicycles, and there my wife's mother asked for and obtained one with a rugged constitution and a gentle disposition. She led the docile machine to a secluded spot, where she thought to get a good start before sailing out before the admiring gaze of the multitude. Then she tried to mount, but it wasn't so easy there as in the hall with the bannisters to hang on to. She tried it till the machine got tired and then it lay down and she fell over it. At the next attempt she put her foot through one wheel and sat down on the other one. At this moment park policeman No. 13 hove in sight.

"Can I help ye thin wid that haythin machine, I dunno?" he inquired politely.

"I can ride real well on my own bicycle," said my wife's mother with true feminine mendacity, "but this ugly thing lies down every time I look at it."

"It looks daycint and docile," said No. 13, "but the dayvil is in them things. I see a power of 'em every day, and the tricks they is up to, an' why half the women in this town ain't walkin' round this minute with broken necks is beyant me entirely."



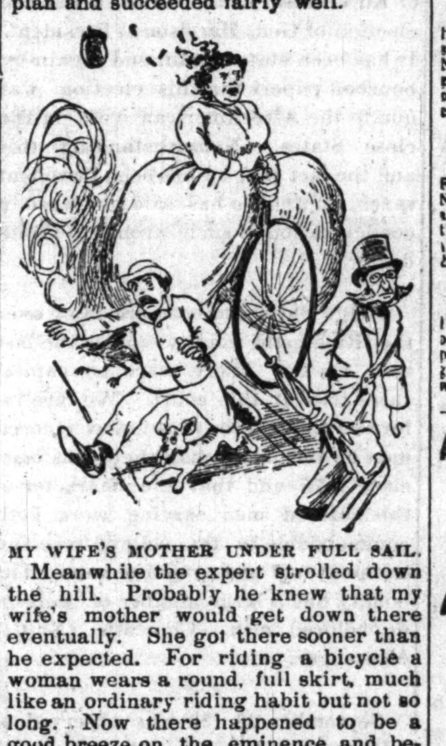
THEY ALL WANTED TO HOLD IT.

By this time No. 13 had lifted up the machine and was holding it on one side while my wife's mother mounted on the other. Several spectators had strolled up meanwhile. My wife's mother made a bold hasty step, and the bicycle took a tilt toward No. 13. He dug his toes into the sand and tried to brace up under the load, but it was a little too much for him. Things began to look serious. My wife's mother let go her grip on the steering apparatus and flung her arms around No. 13's neck. He took a new grip on the earth at an increased angle. Several of the spectators offered advice, though there was really nothing to do but trust in providence. No. 13's feet slipped slowly out from under him; my wife's mother attempted to fly, and succeeded so well that when she and the bicycle, after a short aerial performance, decended together they found No. 13's prostrate body waiting for them. He was removed from under the wreck much broader, but not nearly so thick as he had been before.

Nevertheless the spectators of whom there were now a large number, regarded the affair as a great joke, and fifty or a hundred of them offered to hold the machine for nothing if my wife's mother would try it again. Probably they thought that they could bluff her out. This mistake arose from not having had her in the family. She was in a condition of mind to ride that bicycle if nothing had remained of it but one wheel. Singularly enough, however, it was found to be substantially uninjured. About a dozen men then grabbed the machine while the female cyclist of our family proceeded to mount. They were assisted by one small boy who took hold of the rear wheel with the avowed intention of "steadyin' de bloomin' bike till de old lady hollered go." He didn't wait for the signal, however, but, as soon as my wife's mother got her seat, he gave the machine a violent push which caused the slender man in front to sit down very suddenly. The cyclist, having by this time got a grip on the treadles, took a flying start and passing over the slender man lengthwise, proceeded on her way down hill.

It isn't very hard to run a bicycle down hill if you're in a hurry and don't care how fast you go, and don't get your feet mixed up with the treadles or run over a dog or meet anything coming up. Some of these possibilities occurred to my wife's mother after the speed of the machine began to get away from her, and they destroyed her peace of mind. But nothing serious happened. She ran down the long hill beautifully, and her headway took her about forty feet up a short, steep incline that faced the other slope. She tried to continue her progress up this slope but it wouldn't work. Instead, she began to gather speed in the opposite direction; so she gracefully alighted on her back, and picked up the machine which had run into a tree.

She led the bicycle up the hill, and endeavored to look as if nothing had happened. She was not wholly successful for her fame spread and there seemed to be people all over the place who wanted to hold the machine, and then see the fun afterwards. Among them was a large, fat patriarch who said that he was an expert. He really did understand the subject very well, for he put my wife's mother on it without much trouble, and suggested that she should ride round and round on the level space at the top of the hill and not try to go down. She tried this plan and succeeded fairly well.



MY WIFE'S MOTHER UNDER FULL SAIL.

Meanwhile the expert strolled down the hill. Probably he knew that my wife's mother would get down there eventually. She got there sooner than he expected. For riding a bicycle a woman wears a round, full skirt, much like an ordinary riding habit but not so long. Now there happened to be a good breeze on the eminence, and before my wife's mother was aware of it her skirt had blown out like a great balloon and was sailing off with her before the wind, and the wind blew straight down the hill. Forty miles an hour was nothing to her speed at the moment when the obliging expert turned and saw her bearing down upon him. He was too completely taken by surprise to dodge, so he fled. A half dozen other pedestrians and several dogs joined in the stampede. They made good time but it was no use; they couldn't beat the air ship on wheels. The flying machine passed over the fat gentleman and ground his nose into the sand.

The bicycle was deflected from its course by this collision, and made a jump for a shady nook where one of the park gardners was eating his lunch sitting on a board across two barrels. The bicycle went under the board, and my wife's mother went over it. She took the gardner with her. He did not mean to elope but he couldn't help it. He had no time to reflect. They both landed in a large tank which the gardener had been filling as a sort of reservior.

Undoubtedly if I had seen this event with all its breakneck possibilities I should have thought myself in luck. But I wasn't. My wife's mother escaped entirely uninjured, but the bicycle was a wreck and I had to pay for it. Still it is a fact that although bicycling is getting more fashionable for women, it has permanently lost its popularity in our family.

Hereditary Heredity.

An honest Indian, who had been among the white men long enough to learn how to shave his fellow men, within the pale of the law, opened a barber shop out in Cheyenne. Somebody, probably not a clergyman, hung a sign up over his door, the first night, which read, "Superfluous hair removed while you wait." And all next day the patient barber wondered why nobody came near his shop except a bald headed policeman who loitered behind a tree box over the way. —Burdette.

Rabbits are mercenary; when one marries he is sure of taking a haresa.—Yonkers Gazette.

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The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

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Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

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The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

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The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

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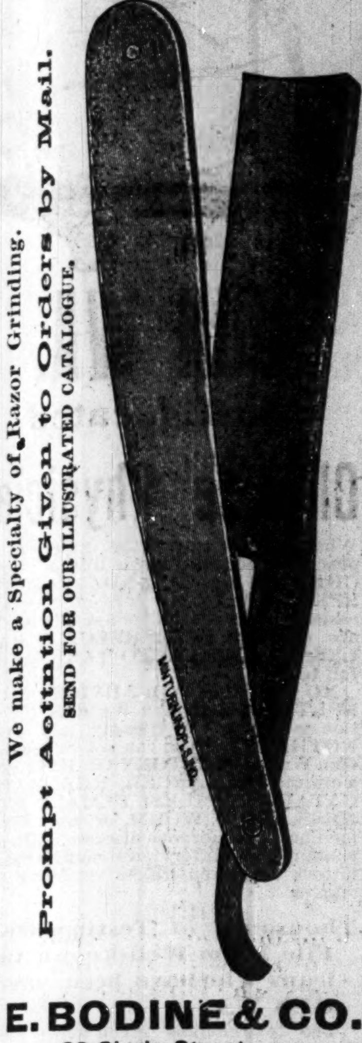

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COMPLAINTS FROM BRAZIL.

Strange Results Reported from the Abolition of Slavery.

Washington correspondence of Chicago Inter Ocean: Henry Clay Armstrong, consul general at Rio de Janeiro, in his last report to the Department of State, makes some observations on effects of abolishing slavery in Brazil. Mr. Armstrong's residence in Georgia may have given a darker hue to the picture than the facts warrant. He says: "On the 13th of last May slavery was abolished in this empire. To obtain a correct idea of this measure it would be necessary to travel in the interior of the country, examine carefully the state of affairs in different localities and have full and frank intercourse with the people. Not having had an opportunity to make so thorough an investigation, I can only say that the chief results at present apparent are the loss of a considerable part of the last coffee crop (estimated at about one-third of the whole), the deteriorated quality of the coffee sent to the market, the scarcity and high price of provisions, the lack of adequate labor on the plantations for the proper culture and gathering of the next crop of coffee and other products, the uncertainty of obtaining labor in the future, and in consequence of all this a great increase of the discontent that previously existed to some degree among the people. When the abolition of slavery was declared the planters had begun to gather their coffee, and the freedmen, with some exceptions, seem to have continued in this labor either on the plantations of their former masters or on those of other planters. It is generally admitted, however, that their work was much less efficient, so that notwithstanding the additional labor of a large number of newly arrived immigrants a great deal of coffee was lost, and the greater part of that sent to market was so improperly handled as to be of inferior quality. Of the present crop, the highest grade of coffee (unwashed) which has come to market in sufficient quantities to be mentioned in the quotations of prices, is that known as medium first, which is usually quoted at 30 to 40 per cent less than that known as superior and fine.

Some efforts were made by the government and Parliament for the relief of the persons who lost most heavily by the abolition of slavery to allay the discontent thereby occasioned. A bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies authorizing the government to charter banks for lending money on plantations. These banks were to have a total capital not exceeding $16,500,000, and were to be allowed to issue negotiable mortgage bonds with 5 per cent interest guaranteed by the government to the amount of $16,500,000. This bill was passed by the Chamber of Deputies too late in the session for the Senate to take any action thereon. A bill for the repressisn of idleness was also introduced in the Chamber of Deputies, but its discussion was not concluded. A bill for compensating the owners of the emancipated slaves was rejected by the Senate, but the friends of the measure do not consider the rejection as final.

After some month's delay the government made an agreement with one of the banks of this city by which the latter was to lend the planters of the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes and Espirito Santo the maximum sum of $6,600,000 at six per cent interest. Half of the money required for this purpose was to be lent without interest by the government to the bank. Similar contracts were made for lending money to planters in the northern provinces of the empire.

Born in Hard Luck.

"I don't s'pose it's any use," said the hungry man, mournfully, sidling up beside the well dressed man, "for me to ask you fer a little assistance toward gettin' a bite to eat?"

"Not the least bit in the world," said the other man, cheerfully.

"I s'pose not," continued the hungry man, a tinge of sarcasm coming into his tone of voice and blending in a fine mezzotint quality with the Jeremaic strain. "I s'pose not." And this time he spoke reflectively. "I ain't no Johnstown sufferer, I ain't, an' I don't know nothin' about Johnstown, so I can't tell no straight story. I ain't never been to Seattle, an' so I can't pose as bein' burnt out. I ain't even a Braidwood miner, I ain't. Ef I wuz any of them I wouldn't be a askin' for a little somethin' to get a bite o' vittles. I'd be a wearin' good second-hand close an' a nec'ktie an' a shirt that splits down the front and back both. Mebbe I'd have a collar and cuffs with buttons into 'em. Anyway, I'd be a spendin' relief money an' a eatin' regular. But I ain't none o' them. I b'long right hyar, an' I ain't had no job fer a year. I'm busted 'cause it's my own fault, I am, an' I ain't got no show to kick over the bad distribution o' no relief money at all. All the luck comes ter people on the outside, an' a man right hyar at home has ter eat out o' slop barrels an' sleep coal holes, an' git moved on an' not have no close to speak of. It's mighty hard, an' I just wisht some o' these fires or floods or somethin' would sorter come my way onct. I ain't had no luck since I wuz er kid, I ain't," and he ambled away, broken in spirits, hungry, footsore and ragged.—Chicago Mail.

Among the new Fall shades is the antelope. It ought to be a fast color, but Ananias himself would hesitate to warrant it not to run.

"Is there anything a man cannot do?" asks an exchange. We have never found a man who could scold his children with his mouth full of pins.

It would be easy to fill an entire paper with the testimonials which have been given by physicians, clergymen and other educated persons in favor of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. This Powder has been in the market for thirty years, and every professional man who has used it in his family will certify to its being wholesome.

THE INDIANA STATE FAIR

THE ONE JUST CLOSED THE MOST SUCCESSFUL EVER HELD IN THE STATE.

Some of the Meritorious Displays and Exhibits Deserving of Special Mention.

The recent Indiana State Fair, as we predicted it would be, was the most successful ever given under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture. Every department was complete, and the machinery display, to the most important exhibits in which we make reference below, was exceedingly fine. The fair authorities are to to be congratulated, but not more so than the exhibitors whom we have pleasure in mentioning particularly.

The Nichols & Shepard Company, of Battle Creek, Michigan, occupied the same space on the grounds for the tenth consecutive year, and while their exhibit of "Vibrator" Threshers and Traction Engines was by far the largest and most attractive, it was not up to their usual standard, from the fact that the unprecedented demand up to the very day of the Fair had completely drained them, and it was only with the greatest effort that they were able to furnish anything for exhibition. This company had received orders up to the 1st of July for all the engines and threshers they could build until the 20th of August, and at that date notified their agents to that effect. Consequently they were unable to fill orders taken after July 1st to be delivered prior to August 20th, and by that time the season for selling in Indiana was about over. In the meantime the Indianapolis Branch had received over $50,000 of orders that they were unable to fill. The past season has demonstrated beyond any doubt that the new "Flagg" Vibrator is the threshing machine of the "Period," as it has made a record unequaled in the annals of time. Over 1,200 of them have been sold and used this season, and have given universal satisfaction. Everything on exhibition was sold, and a number of orders taken for future delivery, aside from others that could not be filled owing to their inability to furnish the goods in time. Nichols & Shepard with their record in Indiana ought to be proud, as they stand at the head and front as manufacturers, and have the confidence of the classes that use and enploy their conducts to the extent, that no other Thesher and Engine Manufacturers can boast. The "happy" man of the concern is W. S. McMillen the manager at Indianapolis. Mc is one of the "Pioneers in the service and appreciates his connection with the oldest, largest and most prosperous institution of its kind in America.

As nearly every visitor to the Fair was more or less interested in Fences and their construction, the contest between manufacturers of Wire Fences was interesting. The points to be considerod were simplicity, durability, economy and beauty, and it was plain to see that the wire fencing of Ellis & Helfenberger, No. 176 South Penn. St., Indianapolis, was by far the favorite as to choice, as combining all the desirable points. Messrs. E. & H. are now prepared to offer one or more good men in each county a permanent and well paying business in receiving orders and putting up their lawn, cemetery and farm fences, and would be glad to open such a correspondence at once.

Messrs. Fate & Freese, of Plymouth, Ohio, manufacturers of Brick and Tile Machinery, had one of their combined machines in operation during the entire fair week, thus showing visitors the practical workings of what is conceded to be the best and most practical combined brick and tile machine made, and to say that it was one of the most interesting exhibits on the grounds would only be stating a fact. In connection with these machines the cutting tables shown were greatly admired as being a great improvement and having a superiority over any cutting table now on the market. We are glad to welcome this reliable firm with their superior machines into our State, and it will be to the interest to all who are interested to write them for full particulars, prices, etc.

There was no display at Indiana's recent State Fair around which seemed to concentrate as much interest as that of the Advance Thresher Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., manufacturers of their now world renowned and celebrated Engines and Threshers. "Advance" is their watchword as well as the name of their goods, and it is now a well understood fact that they are away in "Advance" in everything that is desirable in their line. It was the intention of the company to make a very large exhibit of their Engines and Threshers, but they were so far behind with pressing orders from their customers that they had no time to make goods for State Fair purposes. We will state in this connection, and in doing so will only refer to the Indianapolis branch of the Advance Company, that the demands are so great that they can not get goods to supply the immediate demands. They not only sold every piece that they had on exhibition, but their orders taken on the grounds for future delivery amounted to $25,195.00, an amount in sales never before equaled by any manufacturers at any Indiana State Fair. Their past years' business in Indiana amounted to over $125,000, and yet they were short thirty-five engines and the same number of threshers that they could not fill in time. The headquarters of the Advance Company for Indiana is at No. 3 Masonic Temple, Indianapolis, and it has become so thoroughly identified with the interests of the city and State that we point to it with pride as one of our enterprises. Their reputation has been made by fair dealing in the best goods made. Mr. H. C. Fairbanks, the resident manager, asks all who are interested in Engines and Threshers to call and see him when in the city, or to write him for full particulars, prices, &c.

The Indiana Adamant Plaster Co., of 196 West Maryland street, Indianapolis, had on exhibition at the Fair, samples of work made by using their Adamant Plaster, that not only attracted the attention of plasterers and contractors, but all who appreciate durable and beautiful wall plastering. The time has come that there will be no first class plastering done unless Adamant Plaster is used; at least this is the experience wherever it has been introduced. The three points claimed for it is durability, economy and beauty. Plasterers, contractors and builders should at once correspond with the Indiana company for full particulars.

It is a well known and conceded fact that Bradley, Holton & Co., 177 to 181 E. Washington street, Indianapolis are the largest manufacturers and dealers in farm machinery, carriages etc., in the State, and their display at the State Fair was by far the largest made. They always have on hand all that is new and economical in Hay Presses, Feed Cutters, Cookers, Grinders, and Crushers, Shellers, Horse Powers, Wind Mill's, etc., and they have a special arrangement whereby they can furnish any make of goods in their line, at a great saving to their customers. Consequently all that is necessary for their customers, and others to do, when they want machinery, is simply to call upon or address this extensive and reliable firm, and full information will be given. By doing this the farmers of Indiana and adjoining States can always have the best, and save themselves large amounts of money every year. Mr. W. B. Holton, the resident manager, invites the farmers to call and see him whenever they are in the city.

There is always an interest manifested at State Fairs in Saw Mills, this year being no exception, and Messrs. C. & A. Potts & Co., of Indianapolis, were on hands with their "E" or Pony Mill to show all that is new and desirable in saw mills. Their mills have been long and thoroughly tested, and it is a well known fact that they score more good points for practical use than any other mill made. All who are interested or contemplate the purchase of saw mill machinery should see or correspond with Messrs. Potts & Co., for full particulars and prices.

There was no display in the machinery field that proved to be of as much interest as that of the Newark Machine Co., of Columbus, O. In fact, in their lines they are practically without competition, for in the manufacturing of their different machinery they combine and use all that is new and desirable. Their Victor Clover Huller, with its new features and improvements, is conceded to be the best huller made, a satisfactory proof of which is in the fact that, although the factory is one of the largest in the country, it cannot supply the demand, and they are constantly short in their supply. Their Imperial Straw Stacker received its share of compliments and admiration. It has points of safety, durability and economy that no other Stacker can have. Last but not least, we will refer to their Victor Combined Manure Spreader, with their own patent spoon attachments for sowing lime, plaster, ashes, or any kind of fine manure or fertilizer. This machine is simply perfection in all that that word implies. We are sorry that space will not permit us to speak of and describe all the new improvements and superior features that the Newark Machine folks have added to their make of machines, but all who are interested should call upon or address Mr. E. L. Williams, Resident Manager, No. 3 Masonic Temple, Indianapolis, who will take pleasure in giving full particulars, supplying catalogues etc.

A little thing that feels big in a tight place is a corn.

Marriage,

Is but the stepping-stone to those divine institutions, the family and the home, which constitute the very foundation on which our nation rests; and upon the health and strength of the wife, and mother, depends the sunshine and enjoyment of the home, and the prosperity of the family. Thousands of wives, and thousands of single ladies, drag out a weary existence in consequence of perplexing "female disorders," in total ignorance of the fact, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, prolapsus, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, ulceration, and kindred ailments. Guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. All druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—clean and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

The belated straw hats show which way the fierce winds blow.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobins' Electric Soap, pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself, of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

The profession of ratcatching has not yet been invaded by women.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists, Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1.00 Sample bottle free.

It is comparatively quiet when so still you can hear the dew drop.

Ask your druggist for "Tansill's Punch."

What Everybody Says

must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters is that there is *no doubt* of their curative qualities. E. Larzelere, agent M. C. R. R., Albion, Mich., says "he was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles. I have taken Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and applied their Plasters over my stomach and am entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy that I have ever used."

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Sciatica.

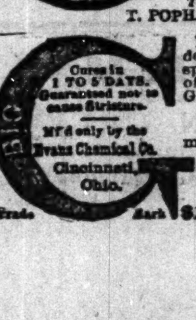
"To-day cured!—Yesterday Crippled!"

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.

FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style, to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. WM. GLENNONS, Gardiner, Ill. writes: [illegible] I hope the Specific may [illegible] lives." [illegible] Trial package free. Address T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Quiet Chuckle.

It is now considered the correct thing for lawyers to live in the suburbs.

Duel! Do-il! Do-well! The punsterious reader can take his choice according to his sentiments on the subject.

Tanner was a warner for the Administration. It is upon this hint that it was proposed to put a Warner in his place.

When a married man buttons his suspenders on eight-penny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.

In sending $200 to the Secretary of the Treasury a Chicagoan wrote that it was to be placed to "Uncle Sam's Kredit," a queer message from a man whose conscience was having a good spell.

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful serviter until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent febleness from childhood, it is surely and plesantly remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistant use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypocondriasis defeated, Biliousness; chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

A man sometimes finds it to his weal to travel incog.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

A syndicate of cattlemen has a perfect right to water his stock.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION OR MONTHLY SICKNESS. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER & SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED. BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons GAIN rapidly while taking IT.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, Wasting Diseases of Children, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

Sold by all Druggists.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND. TRADE MARK. This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

DR. W. H. SARBER

Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy B'dg., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$10 A DAY. Agents wanted. Medicated Electricity cures catarrh, colds, &c. Samp. by mail 25c. Cat. Free. E. E. Brewster, Holly, Mich.

FARM WAGONS—Best Wagon made $50. Buggies, Carriages, Harness, etc., at ½ price. Send for list CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

Weak Women

Owe to themselves a duty to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, in view of the great relief it has given those who suffer from ailments peculiar to the sex. By purifying the blood, regulating important organs, strengthening the nerves, and toning the whole system, it restores to health.

"I have been for years trying to get help for that terrible general debility and weakness so common to women. Within a year I have taken ten or twelve bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the benefit derived from its use has been very great. I am now feeling like a new creature. MRS. F. B. ROSS, Marlin, Texas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS, 56 Warren St. N. Y.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS**

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Diamond Brand*, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," *in letter*, by return mail. *Name Paper.* Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

$15. **FREE TRADE PRICES!** NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES FOR ONLY $15

We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 763 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. PARKER'S Medical & Surgical Institute

151½ N. Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.

Treat and Cure all Chronic Diseases. Deformities and Surgical Cases. Sexual Diseases of Men, Women and Children the results of *Imperfect Development. Evil Habits* or *Excesses.* Opium and the Whiskey Habit, etc. Sanitarium and Private Lying-in Hospital in connection. Write for circular.

FAMILY PRIDE, $5.00. A warranted U. S. Standard Family Scale, ¼ ounce to 244 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars. CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

Burlington Route

HALF RATES —TO THE— **FARMING REGIONS** —OF THE— **WEST, SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST.**

For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen; send your address and reference to Keystone M'f'g. Co. (Inc.) Girard, Erie county, Pa., and they will mail you, free, a full outfit, including model of an article that sells rapidly to the trade in every town and city, and upon which they will pay you a liberal commission; whole outfit weighs 8 ounces.

BUSINESS UNIVERSITY INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Established 37 years. Best place to secure a thoroughly practical and sound Business and Shorthand Education. Catalogue and Commercial Current, Free.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 **GUNS** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (1c) stamp by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Philadelphia.

OPIUM vs. MORPHINE HABIT cured in 8 to 19 days. Home or Sanitarium Treatment. Trial Free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, FORT WAYNE, IND.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy here and we will help you to good situations. Address American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc. thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

240 lb SCALE $3.00 | 500 lb. Platform, $10; 1,000 lb., $15; 1,500 lb., $20; 3½ ton Wagon Scale, $40; 5 ton, $50. List FREE. Am. Farm Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

ROAD CARTS—A $40 cart for $15. Catalogue free. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

$65 SEWING MACHINE $18 | Send for list of 1,000 articles at one-half price. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

I N U 41—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

$1.00 4-lb Family Scale, Brass Beam and Scoop, worth $5. Chicago Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

Hall's Business College,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

Established 1867. Decidedly one of the best, most successful and thorough in the State. Investigation invited. A College of Book-keeping, SHORT-HAND Type-Writing, Penmanship and kindred branches. Patronized by prominent business men. Catalogue and circulars mailed free to any address.

E. A. HALL, President.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PRICE 25 CTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE LOUISVILLE, KY.

Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information.

INTELLIGENT COLORED MINISTER—Can I get a shave, sir?
COLORED BARBER—No, sir. We don't keep black soap.

(Seedy white man enters.) COLORED BARBER—Right this way, boss.

MORAL—The colored people can not hope to obliterate color prejudice so long as they discriminate against themselves.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Essie Cook (nee Fry) is visiting in Chicago.

Mr. Charlie Burris holds a responsible position at the Kahn Tailoring Co.

Be ready for our collector when he comes around and pay him when he comes.

Bethel Literary opened last Tuesday night. Others will no doubt follow suit.

Messrs. Clay and Grant Jackson, formerly of this city, are now in Los Angeles, Cal.

Rev. J, W. Carr, of the Second Baptist Church, left for Texas and the Southwest last Wednesday.

Postmaster Wallace is entitled to much credit for recent improvements in the management of the postoffice.

Prof. Knox "fired" one of his barbers because he worked and voted for Swift. This is little work for the professor.

It is said that Rev. A. A. Price has joined the "Past the Age" combination which is now playing the towns out in the State.

Bishop Jones, of the A. M. E. Zion church, was in the city this week. He preached at Jones' Tabernacle, Sunday night, and lectured at the same church Wednesday night.

Mr. Jas. H. Lawrence has taken service with the Boston Clothing House and invites his friends to give him a call. This makes four colored men similarly employed on Washington street.

Mr. B. F. Harris, late of the World office, left last Saturday for Hannibal, Mo., where he will take charge of the Baptist Standard. Mr. Harris is a thorough going newspaper man and what is Hannibal's gain is our loss.

Chas. H. Lanier, senior partner of the Denison barber shop, has returned from Washington looking "like the prince of good fellows." He holds a responsible place at the White House, but does not like the capital. Too much prejudice and too many things to remind you that you are colored.

Not His Fault.

Head of the House—Well, young man, I have received another note from your teacher stating that you are at the foot of your class again. Now this won't do. I shall have to punish you if you do not get along better.

Young Hopeful—Well, it ain't my fault, pop. I was way up second from last, and now the last boy left school, and I have to get put back just for that.—Texas Siftings.

Insane vs. Sane.

There was a base-ball game on the grounds of an insane asylum near New York city not long ago between a nine picked from the patients and a sane nine. After the game was over an old Irish woman, a patient, inquired of the attending physician: "Who won, docther?" "We did." "I'm glad of it," she said. "Shure they say crazy people know more than the sane ones, and this proves it."

THE INDIANAPOLIS MINISTERS' AND DEACONS' MEETING.

The Freeman Indorsed.

This body met in the Second Baptist Church with the following members present:

Revs. Wm. Neal, J. Parker, J. W. Carr, R. Jenkins, C. F. Williams, F. H. Hayden, J. R. Raynor, C. C. Wilson.

Lics. J. W. Mans and A. C. Chichon.

Visitor, W. W. Colley.

Rev. J. R. Raynor was chosen Moderator.

Rev. F. H. Hayden offered prayer.

REPORTS.

Second Baptist Church—S. S. 90; collection $1.30. Pastor preached morning and evening. Lord's Supper at 3 p. m. Collection, $63.99.

West Indianapolis—S. S. good. Lics. J. W. Manns and S. Russell preached. Collection, $1.50.

South Calvary—S. S. 45; coll. 93c 3 p. m.. Lic. Owen preached. 7:30 p. m., pastor preached. Coll., $10.17.

Zion—S. S. good. At 11 a. m. Lic. Beecham preached. At 3 p. m., communion. 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. Parker preached. Coll., $23.

Garfield—S. S. 20; coll. 20c. At 11 a. m. Rev. Elsy preached. 3 p. m., communion. Coll., $8.29.

Tabernacle—S. S. 45; coll. Rev. Wm. Singleton preached at 11 a. m, 7:30 p. m., pastor preached. Coll., $9.63.

On motion, duly seconded, that we ask the editor of The Freeman for space in his paper to report the services and ministers' meeting of the Baptist Churches of this city, etc. Carried.

The Freeman was highly commended by the brethren.

Noblesville Baptist Church—S. S. 68; coll. 68c. Rev. P. Boone preached morning and evening. Coll. $4.

Other subjects were presented and ably discussed.

On motion, that the Secretary be compensated, 5 cents pro rata from each member present, for writing the minutes of the meeting. Carried.

Adjournment.

Benediction by Lic. A. C. Chichon.

J. R. RAYNOR, Mod.

J. W. CARR, Sec.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7, 1889.

Testing His Whistle.

In the train—"Georgie, Georgie! mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage."

Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of refractory youngster and hiding it behind his back)—"There, now, the hat has gone!"

Georgie sets up a howl. After a while his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head.) There, it's back again, you see!"

While the parents are engaged in conversation Georgie throws his hat out of the window, and says: "Pa, whistle again!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

We Are Not Tail-Twisters.

England should call its talkative Canadian child to account for anything that has stood in the way of "a speedy and peaceful settlement." We have been and are ready to meet you half way, bless your dear English heart. We have no desire to twist the lion's tail, but we are anxious to have a perfect understanding about a question that might have been settled years ago had your colonial dependents shown the right disposition.—Buffalo Express.

Hayti's Deliverance.

For nearly a year Hayti has been next door to hades. Savage butchery has been the rule. Contending governments claiming to establish order produced anarchy, and half a million people, mostly negroes never highly civilized, have been reduced to a situation bordering on barbarism. Hayti, formerly a French colony, was projected rather than established as a republic twenty-two years ago and at no time has it prospered. Its fiscal affairs are in great confusion and its people, incapable of self-government, have been the prey of ambitious autocrats holding nominally as freely elected executives. Salomon, who had been president, fled a year ago with such treasures as he could gather. The new election brought further turmoil, in which one of the contestants was killed. Since last fall there has been a cruel and bloody struggle between Legitime, who claimed election, and a general of the northern provinces, Hippolyte. Victory has finally declared on the side of the latter. Legitime has fled the country, his followers are dispirited, and the republic is at the mercy of the conqueror, who may become dictator or may require the farce of another election. If it had not been for the naval vessels of various countries riding in the harbor of Port au Prince and resolved on the preservation of order the entrance of Hippolyte into the city which Legitime has held for months would probably have been the signal for further slaughter.

For the sake of humanity it may be hoped that butchery, arson, and rapine are now at end in the distracted island, which seems to need the strong hand of a stable despotism more than further experiment at self-government. Of this the negroes of Hayti appear to be wholly incapable.

A Possible Catastrophe.

A little girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"

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Silk Faced Full Weight Overcoats at $8 and $10 that are beauties.

Children's Overcoats $1, $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8 and $10.

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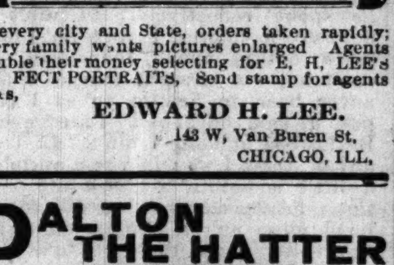

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